

The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England



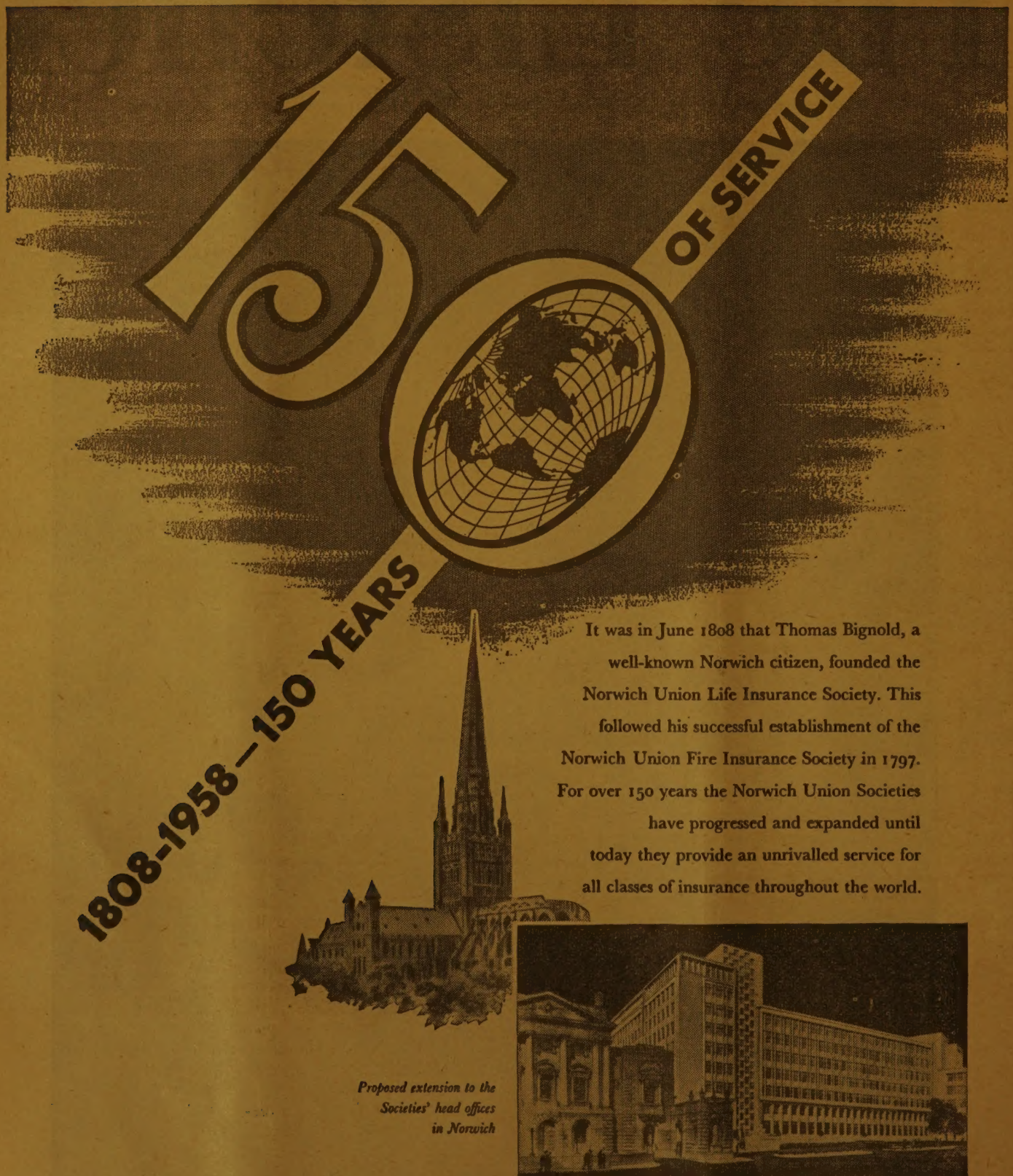
'Charles, Viscount Mahon', by Allan Ramsay: from the exhibition of his work now on view at Kenwood House, Hampstead. The exhibition is open until September 30

In this number:

The Limits of Science (Magnus Pyke)

Reflections on the Moscow Art Theatre (Nicolas Nabokov)

Frustrations of Arriving in New York (Alistair Cooke)



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The Listener

Vol. LIX. No. 1525

Thursday June 19 1958

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

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The Limits of Science

By MAGNUS PYKE

IT is difficult to describe an elephant to a man who has never seen one. Yet although we cannot readily describe it, we all have a pretty good idea of what it is. The same is true of our views about science. Like the elephant, science gives us power—electricity, motor cars, steam engines. Modern means of communication are all provided by science. The telephone, the radio, the television, even the cinema and the tape recorder, are all contributions of science. Then we have the new ways of making things. There are new metals, a whole variety of plastics, such things as bicycles, typewriters, and ball-point pens which are unattainable by non-scientific communities; and, finally, nylon stockings and polythene washing-up bowls provide the latest examples of technical progress. Medicine, flying, nuclear-power stations, and electronic computers are all part of the same operation. And to remind us that the elephant can be dangerous as well as useful, we have atomic bombs, explosives, and guided missiles as products of science as well.

At first glance, we assume that all this is good. It is self-evident that science has increased, is increasing, and should be encouraged to increase more and more and faster and faster. We all want well-constructed, warm houses, with efficient plumbing equipped with unfreezable pipes. Canned food, nylon fur, comfortable transport on well-engineered roads, aspirin, and public entertainment piped into every home, are signs of the standard of living that it is our aim to raise continuously. To achieve this rise in national

living standards we need more scientists in the community. Of this we have no doubts. We must have not only bigger elephants but more of them.

We are never too sure about the saying that 'fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong'. But so far as the benefits of science are concerned, there can be no doubts. It is not simply a question of fifty million Frenchmen. Wherever you look—whether at the British, the French, the Americans (or at least the North Americans), the Russians, the Chinese, the Australians (excluding, of course, the surviving aboriginal inhabitants), the Indonesians, the Indians (with some few exceptions)—throughout the planet and to the tune of 2,500 million or so, everyone, or nearly everyone, agrees that science is a good thing. It is therefore worth looking a little more closely at what science is.

We are so taken up with the accepted 'scientific' frame of mind by which we are today completely surrounded that it is easy to forget that the scientific age is new and as yet short. The pre-scientific period extends from man's first attainment of reasonably civilised life in Babylon until a mere yesterday at the end of the seventeenth century. The useful application of science to practical affairs has only been in existence for about 200 years.

Today, and increasingly during this short scientific age, men and women with good brains have applied their minds to science. Formerly educated people devoted themselves to philosophy, or theology, history, the arts, astronomy perhaps,

or medicine, but not to the control of material things. Politics, trade, and commerce, the army—all these could attract ambitious people because to achieve success in these fields demanded the power to master people and affairs. Then with a rush, after scores of centuries with the horse, came the steam engine, closely followed by the motor car and the aeroplane. The world could never be the same again. The new thing was that steam engines use in an orderly way the energy released from heated water vapour according to the 'laws' of physics. Two thousand years ago, Hero of Alexandria described a steam engine, a small reaction-turbine. But this was intended only to be an amusing toy. The new way of thinking of our own age of science is that we put the laws of Nature to work for us.

There are some people who today deplore science because it seems to be a selfish activity. It deals with the material trappings of comfort and wealth. They feel that the 'high thinking' that should appropriately be coupled with 'low living' cannot properly include scientific preoccupations leading to the development of, say, a new alloy for the manufacture of bathroom fittings. But though 'bathrooms for me' is without a doubt a selfish and uninspiring slogan, 'bathrooms for all' is perfectly reputable. It is, in fact, the generally accepted principle of the rising standard of living. It can also offer something further to the minority who still fail to feel spiritual satisfaction from the wider distribution of plumbing, admirable though they know bathrooms to be.

Noble Human Activities

Shiny, enamelled plumbing is convenient but not noble. On the other hand, understanding of the natural universe is a worthy ambition. The knowledge of metallurgy and electricity needed to produce chromium-plated taps is part of our insight into the nature of the physical universe. This sort of knowledge and the intellectual effort needed to acquire it are without doubt noble human activities. In Britain, almost alone among modern civilised nations, we have developed an illogical negative attitude to science. This is the basic reason for the reluctance of so many capable young men to enter science to fill the gap in the present belatedly revised estimates of our requirements. Although some educated Britons may sincerely feel that scientific materialism is a second-grade occupation for the humane man, the defensive—almost hostile—attitude shown by those members of the upper-middle classes who, with a smirk, *boast* that they know nothing about science seems to me, in all charity, to be foolish.

Anyone can see the obvious importance of science to our physical welfare today. But in parallel with the material advances it brings—the jet aircraft, the rockets, the nuclear power stations, the plastic mackintoshes, the deep-freeze cabinets, and the detergents—the new knowledge of scientific discovery also changes our outlook on the world in which we live. Charles Darwin was a respectable member of a respectable upper-middle-class Victorian family and, when a young man, a devout Anglican to boot. Nevertheless, when in 1859 he published *The Origin of Species*, a purely scientific book in which he drew what seemed to him to be the logical conclusions from the facts he had recorded mainly during five years spent as a young man collecting biological specimens in Her Majesty's ship *Beagle*, he upset the views generally held by educated people about the nature of man.

Another example of the way in which a scientific discovery can change our basic view of the universe in which we live is given by some of the discoveries of Louis Pasteur. Pasteur, it must be remembered, was a chemist. Much of his work was carried out for purely practical purposes—to assist the French silk-worm growers, or to deal with troubles in a brewery. Yet from this was derived our present understanding

that germs cause disease. We forget how radically this scientific advance has changed our outlook on life from that of our great-grandparents.

Knowledge and Action

In a lecture in Glasgow in October 1876, John Tyndall said:

How often have I seen in past days in the single narrow chamber of the day-labourer's cottage the father in his coffin (dead of typhoid fever); the mother in the sickbed in muttering delirium, and nothing to relieve the desolation of the children but the devotion of some poor neighbour, who in too many cases paid the penalty of her kindness in becoming herself the victim of the same disorder. . . . We have been scourged by invisible thongs, attacked from impenetrable ambuscades, and it is only today that the light of science is being let in upon the murderous dominion of our foes. Facts like these excite in me the thought that the rule and governance of this universe are different from what we in our youth supposed them to be . . . that the inscrutable Power, at once terrible and beneficent, in whom we live and move and have our being and our end, is to be propitiated by means different from those usually resorted to. The first requisite towards such propitiation is *knowledge*; the second *action*, shaped and illuminated by that knowledge.

Nowadays, because of the control that scientific knowledge gives us over our environment, our outlook on the effects of disease has become much the same as our views on the similar distresses due to leaking roofs or smoking chimneys. When Asian influenza strikes the population, we no longer appeal on our knees for help: we expect the Government to provide a vaccine, and it does.

This indeed is the core of our present views about science. Nowadays, we take it for granted that everything can be explained. So long as we hold this view in moderation, it is admirable. It is when we thoughtlessly allow it to take control of our minds that it leads too far into materialism. Nowadays, we can accept that the weather forecast in the newspaper (based on barometric measurements, wind velocities, temperature readings, even perhaps records of recent sunspots and an assessment of the intensity of cosmic rays) can, in nine cases out of ten, better tell us whether we may expect rain than can reference to an old man's corns. When the moon is blue, we know that there must be a scientific explanation. Should Lisbon again be destroyed by an earthquake, there would today be no argument, as there was in the seventeenth century, as to whether or not the catastrophe was a punishment for some special wickedness on the part of the inhabitants. We should instead discuss the factors contributing to the release of earth movements. A flood, a drought, a plague of locusts, all these are due to factors that can be studied, measured, and possibly cured by science. To set up a scientific research station at the South Pole is now a mere exercise in planning.

Science Can Explain Everything

In the field of concrete things, we are pretty nearly convinced that science can explain everything: if not at once, then soon. And besides explaining everything, it can also, we are convinced, do everything—at least, provided we put enough capital and effort into the problem in hand. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. In our own generation we have seen science produce new materials of construction, plastic water-pipes, special alloys, and the like. No sooner had we achieved our wish to fly at 1,100 miles an hour than an artificial satellite flew around the world in ninety minutes. If locusts, or weeds, or catching pneumonia trouble us, we need only put our scientific minds to the matter to do away with them. All we must do to get what we want through scientific means is to pay the price. At least that is the frame of mind that the logic of science itself and the achievements

that we have already made by using science has today led us to adopt.

Science, in many respects the dominant philosophy of our time, can be used effectively to control the material things around us because many of the major problems of chemistry have been solved, and chemistry is the science dealing with the nature of material things; similarly, the production of power is now possible in almost unlimited amounts because the science of physics has progressed to an advanced degree of enlightenment; and, hand in hand with physics and chemistry, engineers and metallurgists who use the discoveries of the pure sciences are able to get practical results from them. Similarly, by applying the same approach coldly and objectively to biology, substantial achievements—not perhaps quite so far-reaching as the others, but substantial, nevertheless—have been made in medicine, genetics, biochemistry, and agriculture.

But in spite of all this there is a limit to the use of science in human affairs. This limit is not only set by the stubborn-

ness and conservatism of industrialists and politicians. Nor is it entirely due to the feelings and sentiments of moralists like Gandhi and the early Christians who believe that possessions are a curse, that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to attain the kingdom of heaven, and that the Indian nation would be happier in a state of simplicity, wearing home-spun cloth and subsisting on a frugal diet of goat's milk, than with the motor cars, refrigerators, and television sets of twentieth-century industrial civilisation. These are contributory reasons, but the hard facts are that the real limit to the extension of science across the entire area of our activities, that is, for us to command the social sciences as we now do the natural sciences, is ignorance. It took 300 years of effort in natural science to advance from Newton to Einstein and Harwell. The speed of advance is enormously greater today, so that we may not have to wait so long for psychiatry and the social sciences to reach the 'Harwell' stage. Nevertheless, at the stage we have reached today, it is necessary for us to wait.—*Home Service*

Towards a Landmark in British Justice

By DINGLE FOOT, M.P.

IT is now nearly nine years since the Legal Aid and Advice Act began to operate. Its chief purpose was to ensure that no one should be prevented by lack of means from enforcing or defending his legal rights in a court of law. Undoubtedly it used to happen that people with perfectly good legal claims could not enforce them because of the expense involved. You may remember the old gibe when it was said that the courts were open to everyone—like the Ritz Hotel.

The Legal Aid and Advice Act which was passed in 1949 has, I think, gone a long way to remedy that situation. Naturally, it has come in for a good deal of sporadic criticism. Public money is involved, and occasionally it is wasted on lawsuits which should never be brought. But, as is shown in the annual account which has just appeared, the total charge on public funds amounts to no more than £1,395,000. This is an almost infinitesimal price to pay when we are concerned with the most important function that the State has to discharge—the administration of justice.

But the Act has never come fully into operation. For one thing, it has not yet been applied to criminal cases either at the Assizes and Quarter Sessions or in magistrates' courts. Just before parliament rose the Home Secretary announced that he was going to enter into discussions with the Bar Council and the Law Society and the associations representing local authorities on this aspect of the matter. You may find it a trifle astonishing, as I do, that for the last eight years the Act should have applied to civil and not to criminal cases. To most men and women their liberty is even more important than their civil rights. Now we may perhaps hope that this anomaly will be put right.

There is another respect in which the Act has not yet been operated. When it was passed it was intended to provide a system not only of legal aid but of legal advice, as well. This was really an essential part of the scheme. There are many people who need to be advised as to their rights, even when they do not contemplate going to court to bring or defend an action. Hitherto, for reasons of economy, the sections of the Act dealing with legal advice have not been operated. Last week, in the House of Lords, the Lord Chancellor

announced that it is intended to bring these sections into effect.

There is, however, a departure from the original plan. In 1949 it was intended that solicitors in the full time employment of the Law Society should hold advice sessions in towns throughout the country. Now it is proposed to invite solicitors in private practice to enter their names on legal advice panels similar to the existing panels for legal aid. If they do so they will give advice at small fixed fees to those who require it. This will be a considerable advance. It may be of particular assistance to those with problems under the Rent Act.

When these reforms come into effect we shall be approaching the position which parliament intended to create nine years ago. In this country we have always prided ourselves on what is called equality before the law. By that we meant the same laws applied to everyone and that no one, however great or powerful he might be—indeed not even the Monarch—could put himself above the law. But that principle was of little avail to those who suffered some injury or wrong but who simply could not afford to put the law into motion. That is why the Act of 1949 was, as I believe, a great landmark in the history of British justice. It was designed to produce equality before the law as between rich and poor. Soon we may hope it will begin to operate as fully as its authors intended.—*'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)*

Birthday Honours

We extend our congratulations to the following members of the B.B.C. staff who were included in the Birthday Honours list: Mr. J. B. Clark, C.B.E., Director of External Broadcasting, who becomes a K.C.M.G.; Mr. V. H. Gielgud, O.B.E., Head of Drama (Sound), who becomes a C.B.E.; Mr. D. I. Edwards, Head of External Services, News Department, and Mr. L. M. Fraser, Head of German Service, each of whom becomes an O.B.E.; Mr. P. E. Cornish, Scene Master, Television Service, Miss E. M. Ferguson, Administrative Assistant, Secretariat, Mr. H. V. Griffiths, Engineer-in-Charge, Tatsfield Receiving Station, Mr. A. V. D. Hort, Allowances Officer, and Miss G. M. Lewis, Assistant, Staff Administration, each of whom becomes an M.B.E.

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All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcasts talks. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$7.50, including postage. Special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

Oxford and Cambridge

THE recent visit to Oxford by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh to present Royal Charters to Nuffield College and St. Edmund Hall, now transmuted into a College, is a reminder of the changes that are taking place in the shape of our two ancient universities since the war. At Oxford Nuffield College, established by a munificent gift in 1937 and devoted mainly to the study of the social sciences, now brightens the dreary bus ride to Carfax from the railway station. St. Anthony's, founded in 1950 with another splendid gift from a French millionaire, concentrates chiefly on international history. St. Anne's, the fifth women's college (*née* the Society of Oxford Home Students), received its charter in 1952. Now an appeal has been launched and money received for the foundation of a college to be built in Holywell Great Meadow, which is to have a distinct bias towards science and is to absorb the undergraduates of the existing St. Catherine's Society. At Cambridge the third women's college, New Hall, was founded in 1954, and last month an appeal was published on behalf of a future Churchill College which is also to specialise, though not entirely, in science.

Nuffield College (as is explained in a broadcast report printed on the page opposite) is unique in that it exists purely for post-graduate research and is open to both men and women, although it has at the moment only one woman Fellow in Miss Margery Perham. St. Anthony's at present has no undergraduates. But recently there has been heard a *cri de coeur* from these ancient universities, not for more research scholars, but for more room in which to accommodate undergraduates. In October of last year the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University told Convocation that if Oxford was both to provide for its due proportion of the enlarged university population and to maintain the college system, then a new men's college was essential. The Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge was saying precisely the same thing at the same time, except that he spoke not of a new college but of 'new colleges'. The undergraduate population of both universities has increased substantially since the war and pressure on accommodation has been intense. Although the authorities have done what they can, some undergraduates have to live in unsatisfactory 'digs'.

The long-term question that will be asked by those who are not so fortunate as to have enjoyed or be enjoying an education at our ancient universities is whether this college system, which is very expensive, can in fact be maintained indefinitely and whether it is in any case right that a relatively small proportion of the university students of Great Britain should have access to this exclusive education. Even Harvard and Yale with all the Harkness money behind them have not been able to establish a college system of this kind. (In any case it scarcely attunes with American democracy.) A case might be made for turning Oxford and Cambridge into purely graduate institutions (on the lines of Nuffield) and allowing the students with the best Bachelor degrees from other universities to go there, if they wished. One argument against such a scheme is that the social and intellectual atmosphere of the ancient universities is their greatest contribution to education rather than any outstanding purity of scholarship. But that draught of culture might be as beneficial to the mental health of graduates as of undergraduates.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Mr. Macmillan's visit to America

THE PRIME MINISTER'S visit to America produced varying comment on the theme of Anglo-American relations. On June 13 *The New York Times* was quoted as saying:

Whatever other results the visit of Prime Minister Macmillan may produce, there is no doubt that it has raised relations between the United States and Britain to a high level of intimacy and cordiality.

On the same day, *Izvestia* remarked that despite the talks Britain was still 'strongly harnessed to the American chariot'; and the Soviet newspaper went on to say that the history of Anglo-American talks showed that they invariably lead to a new increase in international tension and to an intensification of the arms race in the West. A Moscow radio broadcast of June 8 saw Mr. Macmillan's principal mission as being to 'persuade the U.S.A. to allow Britain to share U.S. atomic secrets as a major U.S. partner . . . ensuring for Britain a special part in the aggressive military alignments at the expense of such partners as Western Germany and France'. But Britain should remember, the Soviet broadcast went on, that 'in the past Anglo-American talks have invariably resulted not in the strengthening but in the weakening of the British position and in still greater dependence on the U.S.A.'

Soviet commentators have seen a close link between Mr. Macmillan's visit and the question of summit talks. Moscow radio predicted on June 7 that the French situation would be invoked as a pretext for putting off a summit conference. On June 11, *Izvestia* was quoted as saying that if the two statesmen in Washington discussed summit talks it would be for the purpose of delaying them; the Soviet government newspaper complained that a number of what it called 'clearly inspired articles' had appeared in the British and American press claiming that the question of a summit conference had ceased to occupy the public mind.

Events in Cyprus continue to be fully treated, not to say influenced, by broadcasts from Greece and Turkey. On June 8, Ankara radio relayed the Istanbul meeting at which Dr. Kutchuk and other speakers emphasised Turkey's determination to secure the partition of Cyprus, by bloodshed if necessary. The evening's *Radio Journal* said the rally was not intended to 'excite or incite' but had succeeded in showing the world that the Turkish people would accept no solution short of partition. Similarly, Ankara radio on June 15 relayed the student rally in Izmir at which a speaker said the Turkish slogan was 'Partition or Death'. Broadcasts beamed to Cyprus from Greece last week appealed to Greek Cypriots to keep calm in the face of Turkish vandalism, and repeatedly accused the British authorities in Cyprus of conniving at Turkish attacks on the Greek population. A Radio Athens commentator on June 11 assured Greek Cypriot listeners that in the U.N. Greece would have support from people who respected freedom, such as the United Arab Republic.

Moscow radio home listeners were told by commentator Spartak Alekseyev on June 10: 'Greek-Turkish national dissension in Cyprus has been artificially created by the British colonialists' with the aim of retaining Cyprus as 'a most important stronghold of British and international colonialism'. Recalling that Cyprus had been used for the attack on Egypt, Alekseyev added that 'the forces intended for the suppression of the national liberation movement in the Lebanon are now being concentrated there'.

The theme of impending Western armed intervention in the Lebanon has been a recurring one in Soviet broadcasts. In a Moscow radio home service talk on June 8, Yury Bochkarev attributed to the Damascus press a report that the Lebanese complaint to the Security Council was preceded by meetings between members of the Lebanese Government and the American Ambassador Mr. McClinock, at which 'a plan for armed intervention in the Lebanon by the Western Powers was worked out'. The Soviet newspaper *Krasnaya Zvezda* (Red Star) was quoted by Tass and Moscow radio on June 10 as saying: 'The U.S.A. is preparing to attack the Lebanon, but will it be the Lebanon alone?'

Did You Hear That?

UNIQUE OXFORD COLLEGE

JOHN BURNS, B.B.C. reporter, described in 'The Eye-witness' the visit recently paid by the Duke of Edinburgh to present a charter to Nuffield College.

'It was in 1937', he said, 'that Lord Nuffield, already the greatest benefactor of the University of Oxford since the Middle Ages, gave £900,000 and a site for the building and endowment of a college "to encourage research, especially but not exclusively in the field of social studies and especially by making easier the co-operation of academic and non-academic persons". Plans for the building and organisation of the college were completed just before the war started, and although research was carried out in the name of the college during the war years it was not until after 1945 that it began to develop in its present form. And it was not until 1949 that the foundation stone of the present building was laid.

'The new college stands by the side of the road, linking the station with Carfax. Beyond its arched gateway is a 100-yard quadrangle; at the moment it is housing a good deal of the builder's impedimenta, but when it is completed there will be a long pool in the middle and the quadrangle will be the longest at Oxford. On either side are brown clipsham stone buildings, three storeys high, and they are topped by mock Gothic roofs of Cotswold tiles. Parts of the buildings round the quadrangle are not yet completed and the college will not become fully residential until some time next year. The students have been working up to now in a part of the building which was finished a few years ago and is already looking weathered compared with the rest of the college.

'The college—the only one at Oxford open to both men and women—exists solely for post-graduate research, particularly in the social sciences, such as economics, politics, industrial relations and so on. Most of the twenty or so students spend one or two years at the college, usually writing a doctoral thesis. After this, two-thirds of them usually take teaching posts in universities. During the past ten years the students have come from more than twenty-five countries.

'As Lord Nuffield wished, the structure is traditional in form and style. When fully completed, there will be accommodation for up to sixty Fellows and students, in addition to the hall, chapel, lecture and seminary rooms, and a library that will eventually house 100,000 books. This library is in the tower, and it is an interesting tower. It is 160 feet high, it is the first collegiate tower to be built in Oxford for over 200 years and the only functional tower in the university'.

WHAT WOMEN WEAR AND WHY

'What women wear', said JAMES LAVER in 'This Day and Age' (General Overseas Service), 'is decided by the whole mental climate of the time. We find in periods of social stability, expanding economy, "good money", and male domination that women

wear elaborate hampering clothes with rich materials and much decoration. Crinolines are the natural expression of expanding trade and increasing population. On the other hand, in "post-crisis" periods of social change, "bad money", that is inflation, and female emancipation, women wear flimsy and skimpy garments, very straight in line and pale in colour. They cut off their hair and wear their waists in the wrong place.

'The two obvious examples are the period following the French Revolution and the period following the first world war. In the former the waist was very high (the so-called "Empire" gown); in the latter the waist was very low, as in the fashions of 1925-26 which the older among us can remember very well. It seemed to me that our own "post-crisis" period—the period following the second world war—was in many ways similar to these other two periods, and if there was anything at all in this business of historical analogies, the clothes ought to be similar, too.

'Surely we, too, have passed through a world upheaval comparable in magnitude to the French Revolution and the Kaiser's war. Yet clothes immediately after the second world war were not in the least like the post-crisis clothes of the earlier periods. The "new look" had long, *bouffant* skirts and the waist was very much in the right place. The truth seems to be that after every great social upheaval there is what I call the "whirlpool" period in which fashion does not

seem to know where it is going. But, sooner or later, say seven or eight years after the end of hostilities, the typical post-crisis style may be expected to establish itself. How has this worked out?

'About ten years ago I wrote, rather rudely, a little book entitled *A Letter to a Girl on the Future of Clothes*. I supposed the girl in question to be ten or eleven years old—the age of my daughter at the time—and I tried to tell her what I thought clothes would be like when she was in her early twenties. I told her to expect a dress straight in line, pale in colour, and with the waist in the wrong place.

'It seemed to me, writing my *Letter* some ten years ago, that by 1957 or 1958 women would be wearing clothes of this kind. In 1949 I returned to the attack in a broadcast in which I remarked: "If my view is correct, when the whirlpool has subsided, we shall have a typical post-crisis decade with all its characteristics of straight lines, pale colours, small beads, and waists in the wrong place, either very high or very low". I thought—

in 1949—that they were likely to be high, where, I suppose, in what is now called the trapeze line, they are. But in other models—the so-called "sack"—the waist is low, almost as definitely so as it was in the 'twenties.

'This raises a curious point. I believe that it is impossible for any fashion to return in less than thirty years. Thirty years is a generation, and by one of those odd quirks of the human mind it



'In "post-crisis" periods of social change . . . women wear their waists in the wrong place': above, the high waist worn in the period following the French revolution; below, the low waist fashionable after the first world war



is impossible to admire the clothes of our mothers. But now that thirty years has elapsed since the late 'twenties, it is possible for the fashions of that period to come back again in their essential lines. That, I think, is precisely what is happening. Certainly what the psychologists call the "erogenous zone"—the focus of interest if you like—has shifted back to the legs, having been the bosom ever since young people can remember.

GREAT PITCH LAKE OF TRINIDAD

The great Pitch Lake at La Brea in the island of Trinidad is sometimes called the eighth wonder of the world, but there in that sun-drenched, tropical island, CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, B.B.C. special correspondent, found it a sad and sullen place.

'It is sadder and more sullen', he said, in 'The Eye-witness' 'because you approach it through the most charming of tropical scenery, rolling, park-like country studded with groves of mahogany and rococo cathedrals of coconut palm; and suddenly, through all this greenery, you glimpse what looks like a vast and derelict parking lot, with puddles of water here and there, and patches of grass in places, but most of it an endless acreage of dreary black with a heat shimmer dancing over it.

'This is the place where raw, natural asphalt oozes continuously out of the earth with the consistency of treacle toffee—the most solid of all liquids, or the most liquid of all solids. Some people think its origin may be remotely volcanic, for it is certainly surrounded by a rim of higher ground like an old worn-down crater, but the more favoured theory nowadays connects it with the deposits of petroleum which are, of course, yielding oil nearby in Trinidad, and not so far away across the Gulf of Paria in Venezuela. Occasionally, I was told, fossil trees come to the surface. The ancient Carib Indians, who used to call Trinidad "Humming-bird Island", said the lake had been formed by angry Gods to swallow up a wicked village where the inhabitants had killed off the humming-birds—a bird-watcher's version of Sodom and Gomorrah.

'We walked out on the surface of the lake, one of the hottest places in the world, I was told, because of the heat-absorbing quality of the dull black asphalt, and certainly I felt as if the blood had rushed into my face. Underfoot it hardly yielded to a man's shoe, but high heels sank into it with uncomfortable speed if the lady wearer stood still. But it was still firmer than a tarred road in a Washington summer, and Sir Walter Raleigh, who discovered it for Europeans and used some of it to caulk his ship's seams, noted with approval that it did not melt in the sun like the Norway fir-tree pitch, which was being used by the shipbuilders of his day.

'In spite of the heat, or perhaps because of it, the place is subject to short, sudden showers of rain that collect in the unevenness of the surface into standing pools of clear water, and though these pools quickly evaporate they are often replenished, and, to make a curiosity more curious, they are inhabited by small fish. The unevennesses, too, are always being slowly filled up by the tendency of the asphalt to find its own level, but they are always being created again by the mining operations which are conducted over most of the lake by a private company.

'We were shown a huge iron machine on caterpillar tracks, like a cross between a dredger and a bulldozer, that scoops the stuff out in a big furrow and loads it into a continuous chain of buckets for transport to the refinery on the hillside above the lake. Nowadays this machine travels on a raft of timber laid down ahead of its tracks; but that was not always so, and once, before

the days of this raft, it broke down far out on the lake, and before the man operating it could get help, its weight had taken it down through the surface until it was two-thirds submerged. It took a desperate crew two infernal days and nights to dig it out.

'I asked whether there was any prospect of the lake ever being used up, and was told that the mining operations had greatly reduced its level, which used to be up to the top of the higher ground that surrounds it. The downward slope is, of course, coated with asphalt, which with infinitely slow progress is draining back down the hill into the lake, and one consequence of this is that the asphalt refinery, constructed on this slope, is always being pushed downhill—all its buildings and the big vats, where the asphalt is boiled to purify it, have to rest on jacks so that their lean can be corrected from time to time.

'The purified asphalt is poured into neat wooden barrels, made on the premises by a band of coopers as venerable and expert as coopers always seem to be. The full barrels are pushed on to the platform of an overhead railway that carries them down to the seashore and out along a jetty projecting far into the blazing blue sea, and at the far end of the jetty, which is called Brighton Pier, the ships come to carry it to the road-menders'.



The Pitch Lake in Trinidad where 'natural asphalt oozes out of the earth with the consistency of treacle toffee'

Shell Photographic Unit

LIGHTER SIDE IN LAOS

ANTHONY LAWRENCE, B.B.C. Far Eastern correspondent, spoke in 'Today' about the lighter side of life in Laos. 'The pretty wife of the French Information Adviser to the Laotian Government', he said, 'is still suffering from a cold through being drenched seventeen times with water at the Buddhist New Year Festival here in Vientiane. The Laotians are strong followers of Buddhism, and they really enjoy the time-honoured custom of purifying one's friends at the Buddhist New Year by giving them a wetting. There are two things you have to remember besides putting on your oldest clothes: first, that to be thoroughly wetted is a sign of popularity; secondly, anybody who does not take a soaking as a good joke is looked at very much askance.

'The teachers at one of the local schools told me that within thirty seconds of entering their classrooms at the New Year they were sopping wet to the skin. I was also told of the dignified and self-important business-man's wife, heavy with jewellery, who was furious when the door of her car was opened, and a saucepan full of water was sluiced over her head and shoulders by a waiter from a nearby restaurant. She was last seen hurling curses at him through the keyhole of the kitchen into which he had fled.

'Another lively festival they celebrate in Laos is called in French the *Fête des Fusées*, and it is supposed to be connected partly with fertility rites and partly with prayers for rain. They make huge rockets, six or eight feet long with fifteen-foot bamboo tails, and fire them off from flimsy ramps along the Mekong River. When I went down to the river to watch, all the town of Vientiane seemed to have turned out in spite of the boiling afternoon heat. There were hundreds of food stalls and men selling balloons, from monasteries hundreds of monks were watching the crowds. Gangs of youths, some dressed as girls, some beating on drums and petrol cans, danced with peculiar rhythm through the crowds, carrying symbols of breath-taking obscenity.

'The Laotian approach to life is something to make the Westerner think, especially their attitude to death. They consider that the departed will go to a happier existence, and when a death occurs the family is at once visited by friends and relatives, who surround the corpse in the living-room, sitting up all night with laughter, playing cards, singing, eating, and making merry'.

No Entry—Never!

P. V. DANCKWERTS on chemical plant for nuclear power

THE use of reactors operating by nuclear fission has introduced three new types of industrial material to the world. The fission products are radio-active elements which are produced in very large amounts as an unavoidable by-product of atomic energy. Then there is the artificial element plutonium, which does not occur in nature, and of which the chemistry was unknown fifteen or twenty years ago; and there are fissile materials (such as plutonium, and uranium-235) which can undergo nuclear chain-reactions.

Production of Radium

In the forty years or so between the discovery of radium and the coming of the atomic era, radioactivity was a laboratory phenomenon. Only about one kilogram (or two pounds) of radium was produced in the whole of this forty years, and its refining and handling was essentially a laboratory process. Now, in this country alone, we produce daily a quantity of radioactivity equivalent to more than a kilogram of radium; and in the nineteen-sixties, when we start processing the fuel from the nuclear power stations, we shall be accumulating radioactivity at an annual rate equivalent to many thousand kilograms of radium. This is to say nothing of the presumably huge quantities being produced by the military reactors of the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R.

What I might call 'the radioactive phase' of atomic energy may be a transient one; disarmament and the development of thermonuclear (fusion) reactors may make fission reactors as obsolete as the Cornish steam engine—although I have no doubt that a society will be formed to keep one of them going as a monument to the grand old days. However, my guess is that we shall be turning out radioactivity in large amounts for at least the rest of the century.

The need to deal with radioactivity in huge quantities as a routine industrial process posed a series of problems that no chemical engineer had any reason to consider before the war. No one had ever had to design a chemical plant which was sealed in a concrete vault and which would be unapproachable once it had started to operate. Safety in design is usually the fruit of long and bitter experience; in this case the hazards were novel and insidious, and imagination had to take the place of experience.

When the nuclear fuel is withdrawn from a reactor, it contains, besides unused uranium, some fission-products and some plutonium. The plutonium is formed by conversion of some of the uranium, and is itself a valuable potential atomic fuel as well as an atomic explosive. The first problem is how to separate these three constituents, plutonium, uranium, and fission products. The targets set for the British process were exacting ones, even for a conventional chemical plant. Each ton of uranium would contain less than a pound of plutonium, and this had to be recovered to the extent of 99.9 per cent. The removal of the fission products had to be so complete that the level of radioactivity in the uranium and plutonium metal produced would be only one thousand millionth of that in the fuel elements entering the plant. The process used had to be one which the chemical engineers could realise in a plant that would be enclosed in five feet of concrete, and which could probably never be repaired or serviced.

Planning a Factory

To obtain the information on which a large factory was going to be designed, the chemists had to use absurdly small quantities of material. For instance, only a few milligrams of plutonium were available—a quantity that could easily slip through a crack in the floor; but this had to be recovered after each experiment and used again. The process finally chosen was based on the fact that uranium and plutonium are soluble in certain organic liquids, while the fission products are not. The radioactive fuel is dis-

solved in acid, and brought into contact with a solvent that takes up the uranium and plutonium and leaves the fission products behind. The solvent containing the uranium and plutonium is drawn off, and is then brought into contact with water containing a reducing agent, which reduces the plutonium to a lower valency. In this condition the plutonium is much more soluble in water than in the solvent, so the plutonium is drawn off in the water while the uranium remains in the solvent.

This basic method was translated by the chemical engineers into a continuously-operating, full-scale process by making use of 'solvent extraction columns'. These are tall pipes packed with metal rings like napkin-rings. The water or acid passes downwards through the pipes, while the solvent, which is lighter than water, enters at the bottom and floats upwards through the water in the form of drops. The process has the advantage that, once the fuel elements have been dissolved, it deals only with liquids, and by making use of gravity flow, it was possible to design the plant so that there were no pumps or valves in the radioactive part, the whole of which consisted of very carefully welded stainless steel; thus there were no moving parts to go wrong.

The success of this process has been a remarkable tribute to the imagination of its designers. It has done its job from the beginning without any serious trouble. Experience has shown, too, that by using special techniques it is possible to wash out the plant and eliminate most of the radioactivity which clings to the inside of the pipes and vessels. It is then possible to go inside the concrete shielding for short periods to carry out maintenance or modifications.

An Uncanny Problem

An uncanny problem, of a type unknown in any other industry, crops up in the part of the separation plant where the plutonium solution is concentrated and converted to plutonium metal. Here, the level of radioactivity is not high enough to cause trouble (although plutonium is virulently poisonous, and must be handled in rigorously leak-proof and airtight equipment). But plutonium is a fissile material, and if enough of it is allowed to accumulate in one place it will 'go super-critical'; in other words, a nuclear chain-reaction will start up. The effects are not easy to predict; they certainly would not be as spectacular as the explosion of an atomic bomb, which is very hard to engineer. There might be a mild explosion, due to the flashing-off of steam from a solution, or part of the equipment might be melted. In any case, the result would probably be to damage the plant, spread dangerous plutonium about, and produce a sudden burst of radioactivity which would be hazardous to workers.

The 'critical' quantity of plutonium depends very much on the circumstances. It is smaller when the plutonium is dissolved in water than when it is in the form of metal. A quantity of plutonium that is not quite critical may go critical if a good neutron-reflector is brought up to it—for instance, if a human being walks towards it. But the dangers of 'criticality', as it is called, can be avoided by keeping vessels that contain plutonium small. And their safe size can be increased if they are not too compact—for instance, tanks may take the form of long, thin tubes or thin slabs; neutrons then have more chance of escaping from the system without propagating the chain-reaction. By these methods it is possible to design so-called 'ever-safe' containers which can never go super-critical. Unfortunately these restrictions are often difficult to reconcile with the chemical engineer's normal ideas for the design of an economical mass-production plant. For instance, in the late nineteen-sixties we shall probably be producing something like five tons of plutonium a year as a by-product of nuclear power. This is roughly 10,000 times the safe size for a batch of plutonium in compact form; in other words, an hour's output is rather more than the critical mass.

If any part of the chemical process takes more than an hour, we must either carry it out in a number of small plants operating in parallel, or in a plant of attenuated and inconvenient shape.

The control and storage of fission products has produced new problems in the field of public health and safety. Most of the fission-products have relatively short half-lives, so that after storage for ten years or so they would have decayed to a level at which they could be safely disposed of like any other industrial effluent. But there are isotopes of caesium and strontium that have long lives and which are produced in quantity. These have to be stored indefinitely in some way that will never allow them to escape. At the moment, at Windscale the fission-product solution is evaporated to reduce its bulk and stored in tanks, but a search for less expensive forms of disposal is still going on. One possibility is that the fission-products might be adsorbed on clay, which would then be fired at a high temperature, forming a ceramic material like brick or earthenware. This would fix the fission-products in such a way that they could not be leached out of the clay by water, and could be buried without expensive precautions. Disposal of massive fission-products in the deep oceans or down mines is not favoured, as it means complete loss of control and uncertainty about their subsequent fate. It has been suggested that we should get rid of fission-products by shooting them off in earth satellites; however, we shall need more reliable rockets before this method looks attractive.

So far, fission-products have been regarded principally as a nuisance, unfortunately inseparable from atomic energy. Yet it is conceivable that they might become almost as important as the energy itself. We have yet to see the full impact on other

industries of what might be called 'radium by the ton'. In the days when the only obtainable source of radioactivity was radium at £15,000 per gram, no one was concerned to think of large-scale uses for it. Since people have only recently started thinking about this, it is not surprising that we do not yet see clearly the uses to which our millions of curies of fission-products will be put. Nevertheless, I feel certain that some, at any rate, of the fission-products will find large-scale uses in industry.

Looking to the future of this industry, we shall have to build more factories to process the fuel from nuclear power stations. I think, in the near future at least, these will operate on the principle of solvent extraction, which has given such good service at Windscale; but as a result of ten years' experience we may be able to be rather more enterprising as regards the use of mechanical equipment such as valves, pumps, centrifuges and agitators in the radioactive section, and thereby achieve considerable savings in the capital cost of the plant. In the more distant future, there may be advantages in pyrometallurgical processes, in which the radioactive fuel, instead of being dissolved in acid, is melted and then subjected to processing at a high temperature, as in conventional extraction metallurgy. But this method would not be expected to reduce the radioactivity to levels at which the metal could be handled, so the subsequent processes of refabrication into fuel elements—such as casting, machining and canning—would have to be done by remote control. The development of new equipment and the re-styling of the philosophy of design in this new-born industry are a fascinating branch of chemical engineering.—*Network Three*

A Detergent which will not Pollute Rivers?

By BERTRAM MYCOCK, B.B.C. industrial correspondent

THE oil refinery at Pernis, near Rotterdam, is the largest in western Europe. It is a sprawling giant of a place with its own oil port and a collection of catalytic cracking and distilling devices that can handle 16,000,000 tons of crude oil every year. You could say that this refinery represents a capital of £100,000,000, and it is still growing. Only this week they have started to dig out a new tanker harbour that will take ships up to 65,000 tons, and a site for a new factory to make synthetic rubber.

Crude oil from the Middle East, from the American continent and (in substantial quantities since the war) from Holland itself, is perhaps not of direct interest to the housewife, unless she knows that it is from this raw material that her new detergents are made. She washes up with oil, in other words. Pernis makes the base of a number of well-known detergents, whose selling qualities are determined by how the soap makers treat the basic material that comes from the oil refinery.

There are some rather stubborn facts about detergents that are not generally known: about the much advertised foam, for instance. I asked one of the Dutch experts what washing value there is in the foam itself. 'Oh, none whatever', he said blandly, 'but the housewife thinks there is'. Another fact is that this foam is causing the sewage engineers and the water engineers and the experts on river pollution a good deal of heart burning. The bacteria, which consume the offensive materials in sewage and so enable the sewage works to throw their effluent into our rivers, simply cannot digest all this detergent foam. So it goes frothing out into the streams, damaging the fishing and making an unsightly mess. How unsightly you can see, for instance, a few hundred yards downstream from the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre on the banks of the Avon at Stratford. Remember, too, that many of our rivers provide large parts of the population with their drinking water.

The news from Rotterdam is that a new base for detergents has been discovered, or more properly, created by a team of scientists, led by Dr. Peter Kooyman. He claims for it the three golden pro-

perties for a detergent: it foams (and the housewife likes it to do that); it can be boiled (again that suits the housewife); and the bacteria can consume its foam (and that will please the sewage engineers). This really is news for the river pollution men. It is said to be the first detergent that has this property and it will strengthen the hands of those who want to end this menace of the foaming rivers. Up to now it has been difficult for them to press their case against detergent foam, simply because all detergents have had the foam that the sewage works could not kill. Any attempt to control the problem by law was, therefore, so badly handicapped that it was hardly worth trying. It begins to look now as though the law could be amended, since it will be possible to make the detergent with the vanishing foam.

But not just yet. Though it is now in production in Rotterdam, the first supplies are going to France, and it will be twelve or eighteen months before it can be made in quantity at Shellhaven on the Thames Estuary. It will probably be in powder form and it may cost the odd penny a packet more just at first, and it could, of course, start a new round in the fierce battle between the detergent makers.—*'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)*

The Economic Commission for Europe (E.C.E.) was created early in 1947 by the United Nations Economic and Social Council, as a central forum where the governments of Europe and the United States could consult on policies to solve common economic problems. The work of the Commission is described in a pamphlet entitled *In The Service of Europe*, published by the United Nations (price 2s. 6d.).

* * *

Social scientists will welcome the publication of a *Dictionary of Sociology* (Vision Press, 42s.). It is an American work, edited by Henry Pratt Fairchild, and all the contributors are well-known American sociologists and criminologists. Though primarily compiled for the use of American students, it will be of great value to students of the social sciences in this country.

An Archaeologist and the Dead Sea Scrolls

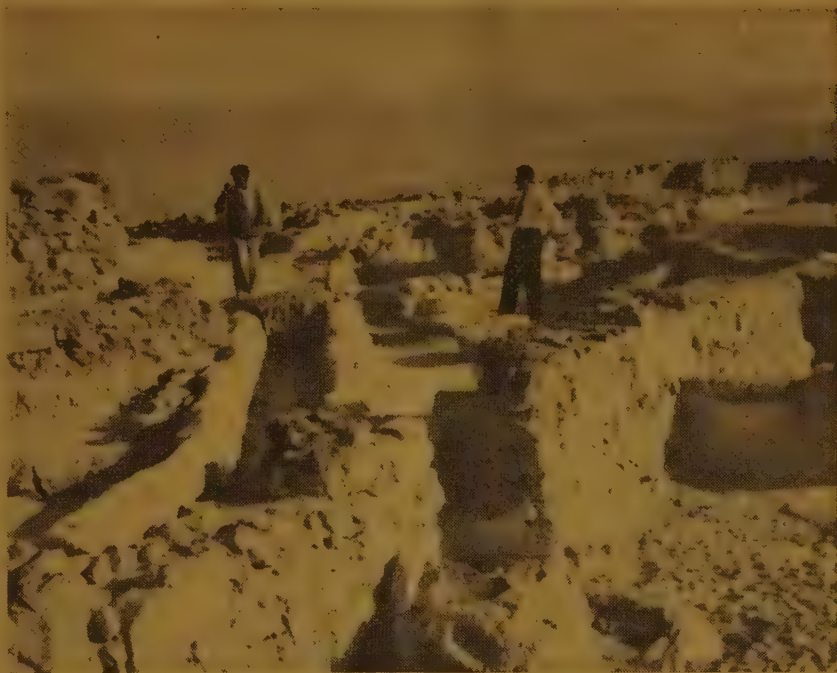
By ROLAND DE VAUX

FOR the last ten years the Dead Sea Scrolls have been the subject of vivid, and sometimes virulent, controversy. I do not intend to enter the field of discussion on or round the interpretation of the texts. I only want to expose what archaeology has to say on the matter.

It has been said that the manuscripts were not authentic; at least, that they were neither very ancient nor deposited at a very ancient date in the caves where they are supposed to have been discovered. Here I can pass quickly because few people now stick to that extreme opinion. It will be enough to say that of the eleven caves in the Qumran area, in which manuscript fragments were found, caves I, II, IV, VI, and XI were indeed spotted by the Bedouin, but they were immediately afterwards identified by us and then, in clearing those caves, we picked up other fragments, some of them broken off the very manuscripts sold by the Bedouin as coming from the same caves. Moreover, we ourselves discovered caves III, V, VII, VIII, IX, X, which were concealed and had never been entered during modern times, but contained manuscript fragments of the same kind. In all those eleven caves the manuscripts were associated with pottery of Hellenistic and Roman times. There can be no doubt at all; the manuscripts are genuine and they are ancient.

Where do they come from? In a recent book which, I understand, is to be translated into English, a French author, M. del Medico, supports the opinion that the manuscripts were brought from no one knows where, and thrown or hidden in the caves as unorthodox or unserviceable books. They have no relation to any community living nearby; he says he believes there was no community. In fact, in the middle of the region where the caves are, there is a ruined site, called Khirbet Qumran, which I have excavated completely during five seasons' work, under the auspices of the Jordan Department of Antiquities. We found several buildings with storage places, rooms for common use, a kitchen, a refectory and a community room, a well-preserved potter's workshop and other industrial installations. Between or beside the buildings is a number of large and deep cisterns. Near the ruins extends a huge cemetery of more than one thousand tombs, all of the same type.

But M. del Medico maintains that there is no connection at all between the manuscript caves and the ruins and the cemetery of



The ruins of Khirbet Qumran, Jordan, near the caves where the Dead Sea Scrolls were discovered: across the Dead Sea can be seen the hills of Moab

Khirbet Qumran. As the manuscripts were brought from no one knows where to the caves, the dead too had been brought from no one knows where to the cemetery. The ten large cisterns were used for washing the corpses and for the purification of the mourning families; the buildings, he says, were sheltering the grave-diggers and keepers of the cemetery and the visitors to the tombs; and it is by accident that, for a while, a potter built his kiln on the spot. For such extraordinary opinions, M. del Medico gives a very simple argument; he thinks that Khirbet Qumran, where he has never been, is an uninhabitable place. And, again, his reason for that statement is simple: there are too many insects, because there are no birds, and there are no birds because they could not fly owing to the air pressure in an area which is more than 1,000 feet under sea level. Truly, that is not serious. Adding up all my visits down there, I have spent one year at Qumran and am still alive. It is not always comfortable, but one can get on with the mosquitoes. And there certainly are birds. I have eaten partridges shot near our camp, and pigeons nesting in the caves. I have seen ravens and small eagles circling over our refuse pit; all sorts of birds were crossing in the sky. No, there can be no doubt, a group of several hundred men once lived in that region.

Archaeology proves also that the caves and the building and the cemetery were used by the same people; the pottery left in the caves is identical with that found in the ruins, and with potsherds in the filling of the tombs. In the ruins, in open air, no writing on parchment or papyrus could be preserved, but we found inscriptions painted on jars or incised on potsherds, and the writing is the same as that of the manuscripts. Moreover, we found the place where some of these manuscripts had been copied: in a room, the scattered debris of a long table, and two inkwells; one of them still retained some of the ink which is the same as that used for the manuscripts.

Khirbet Qumran was the main centre of a community life. Most of the members used to live in the caves or under tents and huts at the foot of the cliffs. They gathered at Khirbet Qumran for work, meals, prayers, and communal meetings. At the end of a hard life, they were laid side by side in the nearby cemetery.



The entrances to the caves in which the Scrolls were found

They tried their best to live on the natural resources of that poor region. Perhaps they had fields in the more fertile plain at the top of the cliff, certainly they had palm trees near the shore, cattle, sheep, and goats grazing in the mountains. This year we made excavations near the abundant spring of 'Ain Feshka, two miles south of Khirbet Qumran. We discovered what appears to me to have been the agricultural settlement, the 'farm' of the community: a rather large building with storage rooms, enclosures for the animals, a shed, perhaps used for drying dates, several pools or vats connected by narrow channels, which are probably a place for preparing leather, a tannery. So archaeology helps us to a better understanding of the way of life of that community and sets the texts in their real and vivid environment.

But more important for the interpretation of these texts is the chronological framework. The most important conclusions depend on the dating of the texts: are they pre-Christian or post-Christian? Are they the work of Essenes of the two centuries before our era and of the beginning of the first century B.C. and, if so, have they some bearing on the history of Christianity? Or do they come from another group, for instance Pharisees or Zealots? Or are they the later work of Judeo-Christians? That last opinion of the Judeo-Christian origin has been put forward by Dr. Teicher. According to him they are third-century writings by Christians who were of Jewish origin and tradition, and who finally parted from the Church. According to Dr. Teicher they were Ebionites, and recently he went so far as to recognise in a few Messianic texts written on the same leaf of papyrus the fragment of an apocryphal Ebionite gospel. These conclusions have no support in the texts themselves, and they are ruled out by the dates given by archaeology.

The Teacher of Righteousness

I shall say more about that when examining another theory, which has been very recently, and at first independently, proposed in this country by a first-rank historian, Mr. Cecil Roth, and a first-rank Semitic scholar, Professor G. R. Driver. They will soon give their arguments in a joint book, but both have already made their position known to the public. They started from the identification of two personages who played an important part in the history of the sect as known by our documents: the Teacher of Righteousness persecuted by the Wicked Priest. Scholars are very much divided about the real persons represented by those figures, but Mr. Roth and Professor Driver agree that the Teacher of Righteousness is none other than Menahem, chief of the Zealots. Zealots were the most violent opponents of the Romans during the first Jewish War in A.D. 66-70. The stronghold of this Menahem was Masada, on the shore of the Dead Sea, thirty miles south of Qumran. Josephus, our sole source for the history of that period, shows Menahem as a chief brigand, but we are told to think that Josephus is partial, and to remember that he also calls Menahem a 'sophist' and that this term implies a teacher, spiritual leader, or something of that sort.

This Menahem had serious difficulties with a priest named Eleazar who was Captain of the Temple Guard. The partisans of Eleazar attacked Menahem who ran away but was later taken alive, tortured, and put to death. This Eleazar is in their opinion the Wicked Priest who persecuted the Teacher of Righteousness, Menahem. The fight took place in autumn A.D. 66, at the beginning of the Jewish War. The Qumran texts which allude to this episode would then be later than 66, and all the manuscripts would be left still later in the caves. At first sight the theory is attractive and the authority of its defenders makes it a duty to look at it seriously. Setting aside the interpretation of the texts, I wish to propose only the archaeological evidence.

Khirbet Qumran suffered a violent destruction. In the destroyed level we have a continuous series of coins up to the Jewish War of A.D. 66-70. There are numerous coins of the second year of the revolt, and very few coins of the third year; and this third year began in spring 68. On the top of the ruins there was a new installation of a different character. The coins in this upper level are several coins struck at Caesarea of Palestine in the year 67-68, coins with the counter-mark of the Tenth Legion, coins of the last quarter of the first century A.D. According to Josephus, in June 68 troops of the Tenth Roman Legion came from Caesarea in Palestine down the Jordan Valley under the command of

Vespasian. They captured Jericho and came to the shore of the Dead Sea. Is it not evident that Khirbet Qumran was captured by the Tenth Legion in June 68, and that a military post was left on the spot and stayed at least up to the end of the century? As long as these troops stayed, there could be no more community life in the settlement, and it is unthinkable that the Romans would have allowed the members to go on living in the caves. The conclusion is that no manuscript could have been placed in the caves later than June 68.

In the texts the opposition of the Wicked Priest to the Teacher of Righteousness, the rejection and the death of the Teacher, are represented as facts of the past. It is hard to see how the story could have been written in such a way before June 68 if the historical events took place in autumn 66.

Evidence from Pliny the Elder

The corollary to Mr. Roth's and Professor Driver's thesis is that the sectarians of Qumran were not Essenes, as is thought by many scholars, but were Zealots. If the texts are left aside, as I have purposely done in this talk, archaeology gives only one clear testimony on the subject, but it is of great importance. Pliny the Elder, who had been in Palestine, says that the Essenes were living on the western shores of the Dead Sea, north of En-gaddi, a little higher and at some distance from the shore, in the sole company of palm trees. Between Engaddi and the northern end of the Dead Sea, Khirbet Qumran is the only ruin which corresponds to Pliny's description, the Qumran region is the only region where palm trees could grow in number. If we accept Pliny's objective statement, and we have no reason to reject it, Khirbet Qumran is the Essene settlement of which he spoke.

I may be wrong in my interpretation of some of the archaeological data, and I am ready to change my mind if good arguments are raised from archaeology itself. Up to now, criticisms have come not from archaeologists but from historians or interpreters of the texts, whose theories were hampered by my archaeological conclusions. I may be excused for preferring the facts to the theories: the chronological boundaries drawn by archaeology give a play-ground wide enough for many other hypotheses.

—Third Programme

This Wind

This wind as sharp as tooth of brier
Kindles anew the robin's fire
On rock and thistle, thorny tree.
Like a recurring memory

And fixed in time as in a ring,
He shakes the snow flakes from his wing
And sets his beacons round the earth
As if his song had silenced death.

But O the flakes that fell last year
No rain will wash from Tempe's hair;
And where's the quail once tucked so warm
Beneath an idle Grecian's arm?

DAVID CAMPBELL

The Fossil

Once when the rock was softest silt
A delicate shell imprinted there
Its likeness. Through the secular changes,
Earthquake and the various weather,
Deluge, tumbling mountain ranges,
The patient image in the stone
Outlives the grinding and the mire
Until it cracks or flares to ash
In the last frost or the last fire.

GRAHAM HOUGH

Reflections on the Moscow Art Theatre

The second of two talks by NICOLAS NABOKOV

THE Moscow Art Theatre belongs to my childhood. It is to me a symbol of that world of liberal Russian culture which started almost from nowhere at the end of the eighteenth century. So, in other words, I knew that theatre and so to say lived with it long before I actually saw it. Yet the wireless as a mechanical gadget wants factual truth. The factual truth is that the Moscow Art Theatre and myself first met in Berlin in 1920 when a large part of that company came for an extended visit to western Europe.

From 1920 onward, as everybody should know but has conveniently forgotten, Russians had invaded and gradually conquered two major capitals of Europe—first Berlin, next Paris. The first Russian cultural bridgehead was established in Berlin towards the end of 1919; the major invasion came in 1920. The Russians established their own shops, schools, music conservatories; ran their own journals and publishing houses; had their own theatres, *cafés* and restaurants; organised and operated their own political parties, committees, clubs; and even had their own para-military associations which occasionally disturbed the watchful but amicable native police force.

The Russians outnumbered, or rather out-crowded, the aborigines from *cafés*, pensions, and cheap hotels (the expensive ones for obvious reasons remained uninvaded), and led there a tumultuous, noisy, excited life which had little in common with the life of the native population. But, above all, the Russians indulged in endless ideological discussions and endless quarrels. I think it would not be an exaggeration to say that between 1920 and 1923 more talk was done in Russian in Berlin than was ever done in Russia, except perhaps for a short period between February and October, 1917.

This intense cultural life grew daily more complex, establishing solid, constructive and lasting feuds which occasionally degenerated into open fights with the native police, who usually tactfully arrived a little late—only in time to pick up broken bodies, china, and furniture.

That was Berlin in the 'twenties—a huge kettle of Russian borsch overstocked with vegetables, spilling over all the western part of the city from the source of the Kurfurstendamm into the pine forests of the Grünewald, and coming to a boiling point at the Gedächtnis Kirche—the Memorial Church—and at the Wittenbergplatz where almost every other house was either a Russian pastry shop, a bookshop, or a restaurant with a Scheherazadic name attached to it. It was not a borsch made out of common vegetables. It was, indeed, a *mélange* of the best gifts of the earth that Russia could produce. Most of the best Russian writers, Russian intelligentsia, her scholars and artists and the most distinguished liberal Russian political leaders lived in Berlin. Nor was the connection with the hinterland broken. There was a constant flow back and forth between Berlin of the 'twenties and both Moscow and Petrograd.

There were those who had emigrated and there were those who had made common cause with the Soviet regime. It was easy to meet in a *café* on the Kurfurstendamm a lovelorn couple, the ageing Isadora Duncan with her escort the poet Esenin; or Ilya Ehrenburg, and at the next table the painters Malevich, Tchelischev, Mansuroff, the sculptors Gabo and Pevsner; or Russian writers

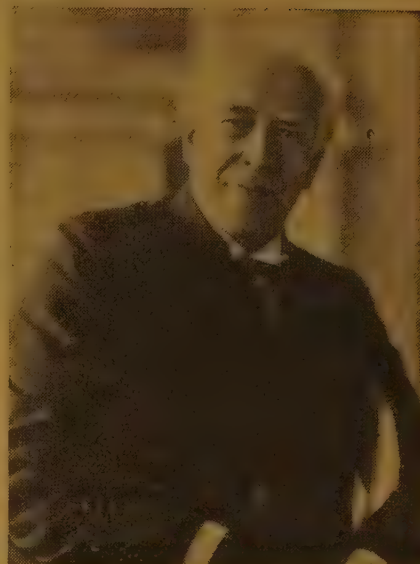
like Ivan Bunin, Zinaida Gippius, the young Vladimir Nabokov; or the film director Eisenstein and the famous theatre director Vycheslav Meierhold.

This, then, was the world in which the Moscow Art Theatre appeared to me for the first time, and this is where I met, at the house of my uncle, its most famous actors. A year later, in 1922, the theatre returned from Russia to Berlin. This time it came back in full force led by Stanislavsky himself.

To me the Moscow Art Theatre is above all an adventure in Chekhov. When I first saw the Chekhov plays in 1920, and in particular 'The Three Sisters', I was probably, like most Russians at that time, still living in the nostalgic memories of the pre-Revolutionary period. All the pangs of longing for a better world, for a change in the sterile structure of Tsarist Russia with which these plays are concerned—the tenderness and loneliness and the gentle melancholy with which they are filled—still were in our hearts; and when we heard the three sisters' cry 'Let's go to Moscow', we cried a little, rather as if we had been Freudian babies wishing to re-enter their mother's womb. And how intensely did we feel with old Firs in 'The Cherry Orchard' when he was left locked in the empty house.

But when two years later, in 1922, the Moscow Art Theatre returned with Stanislavsky, the Berlin borsch had boiled out of at least some of us the pre-revolutionary nostalgia. We had wrongly or rightly changed our gods, and the cry 'Back to Moscow' left us untouched. Nor was I, nor I am sure was the generation to which I belong, any more moved by Firs' intense loneliness, surrounded by the dead trunks of the cherry orchard. In those two years much more had happened than perhaps at any other time of our lives. Those were the years when we discovered what we then thought to be the image of the future, the glorious new time filled with beautiful gay machines, the passionate appeal of a social conflict in which all forms—meditative, melancholy, tradition-bound—were boisterously rejected with a contemptuous laugh, with irony, or with a roaring outburst of frivolity. These were the years of 'Dr. Caligari's Cabinet' on the screen, of the first shows of the Expressionists, the beginnings of Abstract art, the first poems of Brecht and of *Portrait of an Artist*, that prelude to the bible of the 'thirties, Joyce's *Ulysses*.

Suddenly, the whole enterprise of Stanislavsky and his devoted company of docile realists became anachronistic,



Constantine Stanislavsky in 1923



Olga Knipper, Chekhov's widow, in 1923

living in that past which at precisely that time seemed to be older than any other past. I remember sitting at a performance of 'The Three Sisters' with Esenin and Isadora Duncan, the young Brecht and Kurt Weill, and sniggering indecently at the melancholy plight of a Russian world which seemed to us sunk forever into history. I am not sure now that my own laughter was quite honest or even quite sincere, nor to what extent I was carried away by the attitude of the already famous young men under whose shadow I then found myself. For, much later on, seeing those same Chekhov plays, even in the caricatures of Stanislavsky's productions which now swamped the western capitals, I felt the same tenderness and melancholy longing for Chekhov's world which in my Berlin years I so violently rejected.

Stanislavsky's Method

Yet, for my own justification, I must say that even then, while rejecting Stanislavsky's method, technique, and concept of the theatre, I realised that there was something profoundly true in this conception, carefully, almost miraculously well developed; and that its particular value could not be compared to the eternally amateurish grandiloquence of a Reinhardt or to the fussy, Expressionistic excrescences of a Piscator. Indeed, it is this extraordinary technical perfection coupled with what to me seems an excessive attention to detail (in Act II of 'The Three Sisters', for example, Vershinin comes in, rubs his hands and shakes his shoulders: this means that it is obviously cold and snowing outside) and care for the play as a collective experience which exercised such a lasting influence upon theatrical thinking abroad. For me at best the whole of theatrical development in the last forty years with its variations and inventions is bound with three important figures. I mean Stanislavsky, Berthold Brecht, and Vyacheslav Meierhold.

Curiously enough, all of them—Stanislavsky, Brecht, and even Meierhold—came by a different way to the same conclusions: that true theatre is in a sense always realistic. Yet the so-called 'true-to-life' realism of Stanislavsky, and the didactic Marxian realism of Brecht are obviously contradictory. Where I thought that Stanislavsky's method failed, and what I could not accept even at the time I first came in contact with and saw the Art Theatre of Moscow, were Stanislavsky's adaptations of famous novels, in particular *The Brothers Karamazov*. The method of realism simply did not work in spite of the superb artistic interpretations given to the main characters by individual actors. Nothing seemed to me so absurd as to see a real Ivan Karamazov in body and flesh played by Kachalov with a Kachalov face, or a real Nastassia Filippovna, however magnificently performed.

Here it seems to me that Stanislavsky is, alas, the source of a most unfortunate and apparently monstrous development: I think of all those ghastly American or European perversions entitled 'War and Peace' or 'The Brothers Karamazov' on the stage or on the screen. Indeed, everywhere when one looks at the commercial theatrical productions of today, be it in New York or London or Paris, one finds crumbs from Stanislavsky's royal table; even in that ill-begotten world of Hollywood where the spirit of Stanislavsky three times removed floats from studio to studio.

Once in my childhood I heard Tolstoy's secretary telling the story of Tolstoy being asked by a foreign literary critic what distinguished Russian literature from western literature. Tolstoy thoughtfully, after hesitation, replied, 'I think we rarely lie'. I believe that this was the essential quality of Stanislavsky's art. The devotion to realism was part of this basic belief that the theatre must be 'true to life', with emphasis, of course, on the word 'true'.

Realism, as Stanislavsky saw it, was only a means by which an actor or director could best serve truth. The extreme attention to detail, the conception of a production as the work of a homogeneous human collective in which there was no first or second actor, no *rôle de soubrette*, and in which each smallest event and every sentence was cared for and brought to a state of perfection which had never been achieved in any theatre before, always humane and always completely beautiful in itself, was unique and could only be compared with the same exceptional work on detail which we see in the Japanese *No* theatre. All these things, the specific qualities of the Moscow Art Theatre, which

so impressed the western world, and which had such a lasting effect (both positive and negative) on the theatre everywhere, were only the outward aspects of Stanislavsky and his company's dedication to the principles and ideals of truthfulness.

It is due precisely to this dedication to truthfulness that the productions of the Moscow Art Theatre were so perfect when they dealt with the dramatic literature of the realistic period—the plays of Chekhov, Ibsen, Tolstoy; the Russian plays of Ostrovsky and even some of the early morbid plays of Strindberg. There, the very nature of the play was perfectly fitted to this particular theatrical approach. Yet, alas, the anachronism appeared when Stanislavsky attempted to present works where the 'true-to-life' formula was basically inappropriate. I remember a 'Hamlet' in drab, grey curtains in which the 'To be or not to be' soliloquy was robbed of its very context; one thought not of a Hamlet worrying about the essence of the human condition and his doubts about himself, but rather of a travelling salesman wondering about sales possibilities.

Actors, as my mother's generation used to say, are a disappointing lot as soon as you get them off the stage. Stanislavsky and his collaborators were a great exception. I recall so well the evenings at my uncle's house, the wonderful actor's face of Stanislavsky, his great big figure dominating the gathering, his calm, clear voice, his thoughtful manner of listening to the arguments of others, his admirable erudition not only within his field but in the world of the arts in general. It was from Stanislavsky, for example, that I heard for the first time a careful description of the *No* theatre in Japan, and about the tradition of mystery plays in southern France. And he behaved in an exquisite, somewhat old-fashioned manner; never a note of condescension nor, however heated the argument, a loss of logic in his dialogue.

Exceptional People

There was also, of course, the grand old lady of Stanislavsky's theatre, Olga Knipper, Chekhov's widow—an unsurpassed actress within the framework of the Stanislavsky realistic style, a brilliantly intelligent woman, full of charm, warmth, and eagerness, always ready to amuse and to be amused. Indeed, all these exceptional people, of whom only one or two are still alive, remain in my memory for ever, not as a family (for families always quarrel) but as a kind of small band of pastoral folk dedicated to serve that wonderful, that miraculous, thing in which they all believed so selflessly—Russian culture. I remember those famous parties after the plays, the actors of the Moscow Art Theatre just bursting with gaiety; their entertaining, exquisite talk. I remember Stanislavsky and others reciting Russian classics—I remember the very intonation of their voices, the superb carvings of the words. And however I may have been later attracted by other gods and other faiths, I feel immensely grateful to have lived in their time, and to have participated, even vicariously, in their great Russian adventure.—*Third Programme*

Epitaph

Now, like a starling's all his life was gay—
Amorous, careless, tender—each in turn;
Now, a sad lover, dreamy . . . taciturn . . .
He heard a knocking at his door one day,

And it was Death! He asked his guest to stay
While his last sonnet found its final line,
Then calmly he arranged his body in
His icy coffin; shivering there he lay.

He was too lazy (so the tales implied);
Too often in his desk his ink-well dried.
All things he longed to know—but nothing knew.

And when he found his joy in life grow dim,
One winter night his soul was snatched from him . . .
'Why did I come?' he asked—and so withdrew.

BRIAN HILL after Gérard de Nerval's *Epitaphe*

How Samuel Beckett Sees the Universe

PATRICK BOWLES on 'Molloy'

TO be a writer, and to be an exile, are long-associated ways towards that spiritual wilderness where a vision of life may be achieved, whose virtue is that it is necessary. Perhaps aware of this, many people, who unlike Dante are not condemned to exile, choose it none the less. It is less usual for an exile to choose the language of his second country, through which he seems always to be passing, but where he never seems to live. And even though he may never go back, he can never forget where he came from. The decades in England never extinguished the central European in Joseph Conrad; the idiom and the *décor* in the work of Samuel Beckett remain true to their Irish origin, and even in French, that haven of prose-writers, he seems often to be talking in the deep blarney of J. M. Synge, from a common heritage of poverty and eloquence, thrown back on the rocks of the human condition. And Beckett, after many years of lonely obscurity, has finally led himself to his own particular vision of the universe, original and uncompromising. He has rendered it most clearly in his novel *Molloy*, the longest of his many books.

A Psychological Picaresque

The first of a trilogy, it is more accessible than its companions, and more lively; a kind of psychological picaresque. In the second, called *Malone Dies*, Malone never leaves his room, where he is telling himself stories and writing his will; and in the third, *L'Innommable*, never leaves his jar. One may still say of *Molloy* that it is a masterpiece, while to say this of *L'Innommable* would be to miss the point. This departure from the world of masterpieces and of literary virtuosity begins with *Molloy*. Like Kafka's *The Trial*, and Camus' *The Outsider*, it is a book of the extreme situation; where life is formalised, exemplified, and presented to the understanding in its sharpest form.

In *Molloy*, a powerful vision of humanity in *extremis* has had its effect on the structure of the book. Beckett, once a professional *littérateur*, is here preparing himself to abandon literary writing, and in matters of technique and structure the world he is abandoning is no less in evidence than the one he is striving to attain. It is a dual narrative, a self-sufficient book that had its finishing touch and glitters everywhere. While the later books go further, there can be no talk of finishing touches; they end with a gasp, a cry interrupted, an expiry of breath. Yet the usual machinery of structure has become superfluous, replaced by the natural rhythms an artist may develop with command of his medium. Compared with the work of James Joyce, for example, *Molloy* is a revelation of the power which may reside in simplicity.

The first narrative is of Molloy himself, in quest of his mother. The second is of Moran, a kind of agent or detective, in quest of Molloy. Both narratives are of great power and beauty, including thought and memory with a series of wayside observations, all intermingled in a continuous internal monologue. Both Molloy and Moran speak in a more or less classical language, about the familiar public world, 'our own'. The *décor* is distinctive, but unstartling; Molloy has a mother, Moran a son, and both move through the world, even if in the end on crutches. There are towns, or a town. There are forests, or a forest. It is not clear whether the forest and town through which both pass are the same; in the human comedy, purgatory is purgatory wherever it takes place. There is a sea, and a beach.

Already, behind the grotesquerie and the sardonically balanced phrasing, the anguish of the later books begins; the condition and utterance of Molloy announce it, the end of Moran is a presage. But speech in the usual sense, controlled and orderly, that is still possible; both Molloy and Moran go so far as to crack their endless self-annihilating jokes, and then even to laugh at them. But first, in the nostalgia of desire, and the fear of decay, the stage of Beckett's world is prepared, for the time when it will cease to be a stage, with actors and characters playing their parts, and behind

them an omnipotent author, helping them on, watching them wistfully away. The actors have begun dismantling the stage, there is still an author, but one is not aware of him as of a man of letters, he is close to his creations, they speak as it were from his image.

In *Malone Dies* the image comes nearer, and Beckett abruptly turns, and we have the central figure on his death-bed, making tales, to distract him from his true condition: discussing his characters with us, abusing their lack of necessity, growing bored with them, sorry for them, disgusted with them, talking to us with the aid of his stub of pencil, finally killing off half his characters while the central ones grow nearer and nearer Malone as he makes ready to die, the very idea of character nearly dispensed with. He is alive enough only to end the book with, 'Nothing more'.

In *Molloy*, the characters still end in activity; here is the beginning:

I am in my mother's room. It's I who live there now. I don't know how I got there. Perhaps in an ambulance, certainly a vehicle of some kind. I was helped. I'd never have got there alone. There's this man who comes every week. Perhaps I got here thanks to him. He says not. He gives me money and takes away the pages. So many pages, so much money. Yes, I work now, a little like I used to, except that I don't know how to work any more. That doesn't matter apparently. What I'd like now is to speak of the things that are left, say my good-byes, finish dying. They don't want that. Yes, there is more than one, apparently. But it's always the same one that comes. You'll do that later, he says. Good. The truth is I haven't much will left. When he comes for the fresh pages he brings back the previous week's. They are marked with signs I don't understand. Anyway I don't read them. When I've done nothing he gives me nothing, he scolds me. Yet I don't work for money. For what then? I don't know.

This apparently meticulous form is being broken down. In its classical, formal manifestations it will not suffice, either as narrative or as phrase. In both, the form is destroying itself, in the process of working itself out, playing itself out, as if joined to the imagination were a destructive, critical eye trying to get closer to experience, by divesting this of its familiar formal clothing, only to invest it with another, which in turn must undergo destruction and replacement. One feels a human obsession outside the world of art. 'Not literature', one of Beckett's creatures says, 'not at my time of life'. In the end, no one is the same, neither character nor author. Something in them has been destroyed, something else created. It is always too late to return.

Pervasive Disintegration

The process goes on, leading to the knowledge of disintegration that pervades the book, of body and mind, of world and memory. Other faculties, too, seem to decline, as if eroded by a mind that respects no canon and pursues its task with medieval austerity, with disturbing consequences.

It is leading to the time when he questions the sense in which one says one 'is', with a destiny of his own to mark him out from others, in a separate space, with a separate mind. The frontier is elusive, if it exists. What remains, behind this frontier, for a being such as Molloy? Molloy, in his limbo of disintegration, listens to a voice, that speaks to him, or merely speaks, that seems to come from afar, that seems to be somewhere in him, enjoins him to do certain things, and it is this voice, deprived in the end of a subject and talking exclusively of its own existence and how it is able to talk, and the nature of this activity, that with Molloy becomes the reassuring thing on which his existence rests. Later, in *L'Innommable*, it is the dominant theme of an entire book. It is a voice he comes to treat respectfully, delicately, as if it were fragile. He wonders where his bicycle is, adding:

And I was afraid, if I tried to find out, of wearing out the small voice saying, Get out of here, Molloy, take your crutches

and get out of here, and which I had taken so long to understand, for I had been hearing it for a long time. And perhaps I understood it all wrong, but I understood it and that was the novelty.

The doubt of what he is, related to what he does, and why, becomes also the doubt of what he sees, and the general doubt of his perceptions. For the 'I' of identity and the sense of one's own existence follow some kind of instinctive choice, as a rule, within and without; and if the distinction between the inner and outer world breaks down, as it may, and there seems no reason to trust the faculties which choose, evaluate, and cherish, the sense of existence is confined to the simple registering of occurrences, unsituated. Molloy has nothing else to depend on:

And even my sense of identity was wrapped in a namelessness often hard to penetrate, as we have just seen I think. And so on for all the other things which made merry with my senses. Yes, even then, when already all was fading, waves and particles, there could be no things but nameless things, no names but thingless names. I say that now, but after all what do I know now about them, now when the icy words hail down upon me, the icy meanings, and the world dies too, foully named. All I know is what the words know, and the dead things, and that makes a handsome little sum, with a beginning, a middle and an end as in the well-built phrase and the long sonata of the dead.

Words and things are alien to each other. A thing is what it is, to which by naming it we do a kind of violence, for naming it, we lie about it. In the universe to 'saddle a thing with a name' is in a way to arrest the process, to describe it as it is not. Conversely, words have a kind of autonomy, which is pleasing in itself, but which a thing or fact, once attached to them, must by its volatility and changing nature interrupt. But speech, with its unsatisfactory partial truths, is a human attribute; it may not even be necessary, while the fact remains that we do it.

Just as Beckett seems to have set the 'I am' of identity afloat, so the emotional content of experience seems insecure. What we perceive does not come to us cold, but is momentarily joined to us, object and subject in an unbreakable relationship. The 'I' feels helpless, what is usually known as an independent self seems lodged in the world, among the other objects of perception, among the tables and chairs of English philosophy and the paradigm of the universe Plato liked to imagine, and even among its own images that now seem part and parcel of the external world. And often the apparently stable is burdened with emotion. From time to time in *Molloy* there is a sudden eruption of passion and panic, into the calm that an instant later returns, apparently indifferent.

Variations in Mood and Reason

Molloy, above all, is a book written without illusions, full of beautiful variations in mood and reason, where a mocking obscenity may be followed by a flight of philosophical ecstasy, and this by a phrase of grim despair. He blends a mistrust of his ability to know with a classical lucidity of description:

I must have fallen asleep, for all of a sudden there was the moon, a huge moon framed in the window. Two bars divided it in three segments, of which the middle remained constant, while little by little the right gained what the left lost. For the moon was moving from left to right, or the room was moving from right to left, or both together perhaps, or both were moving from left to right, but the room not so fast as the moon, or from right to left, but the moon not so fast as the room. But can one speak of right and left in such circumstances? That movements of an extreme complexity were taking place seemed certain, and yet what a simple thing it seemed, that vast yellow light sailing slowly behind my bars and which little by little the dense wall devoured, and finally collapsed. And now its tranquil course was written on the walls, a radiance scored with shadow, then a brief quivering of leaves, if they were leaves, then that too went out, leaving me in the dark.

As the quest goes on his condition deteriorates, physically and mentally; the sentences become shorter, simpler, breathless; like his mind, his legs were crippled, poisoned by the obscure natural malady. Molloy seems less and less separate from the vegetable world; humanity is far away from that faint depersonalised voice which is left to assess the world in which he once participated:

But it is only since I have ceased to live that I think of these things and the other things. It is in the tranquillity of decomposition that I remember the long confused emotion which was my

life, and that I judge it, as it is said that God will judge us, and with no less impertinence.

Molloy was alone. Moran, in the second narrative, is a denizen and defender of the outer world. His judgements are clear and dogmatic, his prejudices the usual ones, held with vigour. He is a proud intolerant man, attached to his home, his possessions, his reputation. But only at the outset. All declines on the quest for Molloy, whom, little by little, he comes to resemble. With Beckett's own black wit, and a satiric ferocity recalling Swift, we watch him leave on his fruitless journey, and return to a scene of rack and ruin. He is sitting in his garden. An enigmatic messenger by the name of Gaber arrives and issues instructions concerning Molloy. In Moran, the poison begins to work. The foundations of his thought and feeling begin their crumbling. He is going the way of Molloy. In the end, he is transformed. The world is no longer the same. He will never again enjoy his deck-chair as if it were a throne. The spirit of judgement is dead. But losing faith in judgement, he can no longer commit the injustice of misjudging others. Like Molloy, he can no longer rest on the stability of the world or of his own vision.

Compulsive, Involuntary Words

His language, too, is like that of the man he set out to find. Perhaps he found him. It is no more that frigid set of ideal categories we pretend to slide in a predetermined set of ideal directions. It grows hesitant, uncertain, a spasmodic shuddering of self-contradiction, where the work of words and speech is to be a part of the unspeakable. Words may still mean things but first and foremost they are compulsive, involuntary. In 'Waiting for Godot', Lucky utters such a monologue. Snatches of philosophy and science are mingled with obscenity and cries of pain.

Countering this runs an epic vein in the choice of language and comparison, and the quest at times, for all its rot and fever and despair, has the breadth of epic.

There is a circularity about the book. The second narrative is a variant of the first, a kind of counterpoint. Both begin at the end and end where they began, and once they have ended, both must enter the same circle again, perpetually: and so Moran begins:

It is midnight. The rain is beating on the windows. I am calm. All is sleeping. Nevertheless I get up and go to my desk. I can't sleep. My lamp sheds a soft and steady light. I have trimmed it. It will last till morning. I hear the eagle-owl. What a terrible battle-cry! Once I listened to it unmoved. My son is sleeping. Let him sleep. The night will come when he too, unable to sleep, will get up and go to his desk. I shall be forgotten.

When it is over, back where he began to write it, the time of the narrative and the time of writing both co-ordinated, we find this is another midnight, another rain, a year ago perhaps, and we seem to be in two places at once:

I have spoken of a voice telling me things, I was getting to know it better now, to understand what it wanted. It did not use the words that Moran had been taught when he was little and he in turn had taught to his little one. So that at first I did not know what it wanted. But in the end I understood this language. I understood it, I understand it, all wrong perhaps. That is not what matters. It told me to write the report. Does this mean I am freer now than I was? I do not know. I shall learn. Then I went back into the house and wrote, It is midnight. The rain is beating on the windows. It was not midnight. It was not raining.

He resembles Molloy, and may go back to the beginning, and embark on the solitary journey, until he dies, for there seems no hope of rescue now; salvation is a human task. Instead, the circular order of the book, and of its characters, and the process of decay to which they and their world are condemned, seems to have a kind of fourth dimension, in that as they set out on their quest, return, set out once more, they do not merely circle but as it were spiral towards a condition approaching death; but which is not, exactly, death, not absolute death, but rather a kind of vibrant nothingness. Nothing is more real than nothing, says Beckett after Democritus. In other words, the nothingness towards which we strive, in creativity and self-destruction, is in a way a fiction, for the sake of clarity, while the true nothingness, than which nothing is more real, is not an absolute nothingness, which by definition would be an empty phrase, but it is as near to nothingness as we may go, a void, a voice speaking, 'something gone wrong with the silence', 'that silence of which the universe is made'.

—Third Programme

On Meeting Hugh Walpole

By SEWELL STOKES

ONE does not usually remember, after the passage of years, those people whom one knew only slightly. Yet I not only remember Hugh Walpole, but remember him with affection. And when, after his death, there appeared in *The Times* an obituary notice making him out to have been anything but a friendly person—stressing, in fact, how conceited he had been, how over-sensitive to criticism of his work—I felt as angry as if an unkind and untrue thing had been said about a close friend of mine. You could, I suppose, have said that Walpole was somewhat conceited about his own books. Only somehow you would not have said so—not if you had understood how sincerely, how desperately attached to them he was. I dare say that if he returned to earth, the first thing he would want to know would be how his popularity had withstood the test of time; how his sales had kept pace with those of H. G. Wells, Galsworthy, Bennett, and the rest of them. But might you not say the same of any author? I think you would. And in Walpole's case I am pretty sure he would ask, too, after all those young writers whom he had praised and encouraged; because to authors with their reputations still to make he was everlastingly generous.

A mutual friend of ours thought it would be stimulating for me to meet Hugh Walpole. 'Drop him a line, mentioning my name', he said, 'and he'll see you all right'. So I dropped him a line, to which Walpole replied: 'I shall be delighted to see you. Would you come along here at about 11.30 Friday morning? I would ask you to come in the afternoon and drink some tea, but I go to the last fragments of "The Ring" at Covent Garden that day and they begin to tumble to pieces at 4.30 in the afternoon'.

So along I went that Friday morning to number 90, Piccadilly, Walpole's bachelor flat overlooking the Green Park. Rooms often reveal something of their occupants, and the one in which I waited for him was crowded with expensive, but tasteful, furniture, and the walls hung with modern paintings. I seem to remember a portrait of the novelist himself, done by Sickert. Walpole liked to be done by the finest artists of his day; and both Augustus John and Epstein were commissioned to do their best by him. It struck you as a comfortable yet not a lived-in room; rather like a stage set carefully designed as the background for a smart drawing-room comedy. On his entrance however Walpole sounded a different note altogether. He came breezily into the room, pipe in hand, like an enthusiastic school-teacher or scout-master even, bent on doing his good deed for the day. And his good deed on that particular day was first of all to make me feel thoroughly at home and then to enlighten me as to what I might expect to find on the other side of the Atlantic.

At the time I had been tentatively offered a lecture tour in America. Of all English lecturers Walpole was just then perhaps the most popular over there, so that it was natural enough for me to ask him about America and the Americans. He was at no loss for an answer. A steadfast admiration for the American Way of Life, by and large, had not failed to blunt his criticism of certain aspects of it. 'If you intend to go over there', he said, 'go now, while you're young. The younger the better. In America they have not much use for the aged, and their dead they treat

with no particular reverence. When you die in America—you die. Funerals are seldom seen in the streets; and those elaborate receptions held in their honour by a deceased person's relatives are merely held for the entertainment of the living'. The last assertion was occasioned by a remark of mine to the effect that a great deal of fuss appeared to have been made over Rudolph Valentino's funeral.

Walpole continued, rather as if he were delivering one of his lectures at me: 'I'd say that immortality is at a discount in the States. The only two figures whose memory it is thought worth while to keep green are those of George Washington and Abraham

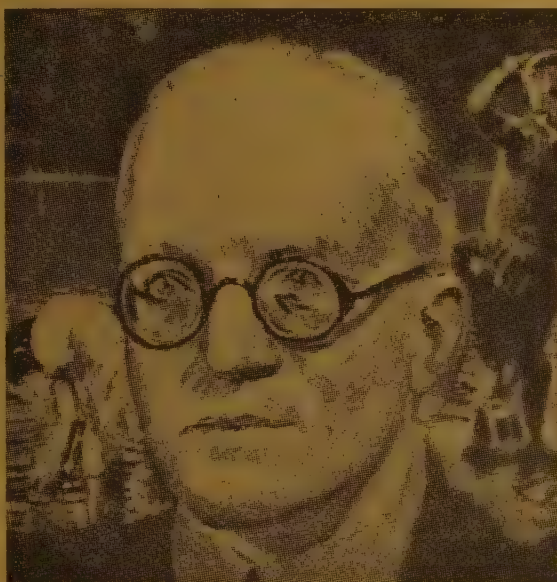
Lincoln'. Then Walpole lit his pipe and had another thought on this subject. He put it into these words: 'It would not surprise me if soon it becomes impossible to find men in the United States who are willing to stand for presidential election. Because once elected they're given such a very rough time. It's rather as if favourites are set up for the sole purpose of being knocked down'. As it happened I did not go to America until some years later. And the next time I met Walpole he had another worry on his mind. Well, not a worry exactly, but he was slightly disturbed, not to say alarmed, by the erratic behaviour of theatrical managers, and the immense conceit of actresses.

He was badly bitten—as indeed nearly all novelists are at one time or another—by what you might call the theatre bug. A play of his had been accepted for production. Popular books earn comfortable incomes for their authors, but popular plays often make fortunes for them, and not unreasonably Walpole was excited by the thought of box-office returns that would enable him to purchase more art treasures for his home. At the same time, he was heroically managing to curb his optimism. He said to me: 'I am making my theatrical debut in what I believe to be quite the proper spirit; in exchange for giving of my best, I am prepared to receive nothing but a series of set-backs and hard knocks'.

'Do you feel', I asked him, 'that you are a dramatist?' He considered the question, then replied, thoughtfully, 'I really don't know. But I've already written my second play. I suppose it comes to this; if a man happens to be born with the trick of play-writing in him, he'll be a successful dramatist. Without that trick, he won't. It's what my friend Somerset Maugham tells me. And that's why Maugham is inclined to think little of his own plays and far more of his books'.

Nevertheless, Walpole had not escaped that bewilderment which invariably assails any author who is unfamiliar with the ways of the theatre. He had learned that getting a play put on was a very different matter to having a book published. 'My own play', he said, 'actually reached the rehearsal stage before it was indefinitely postponed. Rather like a wedding, you know: the church is filled with guests, the bride is led to the altar, and the ceremony is about to be performed; when suddenly it is announced that no wedding will take place. Everybody is pushed out of the church, and the door is locked. That's how I see it'.

After this conversation with Walpole the budding dramatist, I wrote an article about his views on the difficulty of getting one's first play produced. I sent it to him asking if he approved. He



Hugh Walpole in 1928: a portrait by Sickert
From 'Hugh Walpole', by Rupert Hart-Davis (Macmillan)

wrote back: 'Jolly good. But one thing *must* be modified—about the conceit of actresses. My dear man, *do* you realise that I have a play in the process of appearing, and another one in my bosom! Moreover, I never said it. Well, about two actresses, yes: so modify it to *one* actress, will you? and I'll be perfectly happy. I'll hand you palms. But if you don't modify it, I'll hand you a libel action!' One of his dearest friends was an actress—Miss Athene Seyler. He wrote of her in his diary—I quote from Mr. Rupert Hart-Davis' excellent biography of Walpole: 'Athene is alone among women in the quickness of her perceptions and the unselfishness of her heart . . . of all people in the world the one I'm most at home with. We laugh at all the same things'.

On the practice of novel-writing, Walpole was always ready to hold forth. He took his art very seriously indeed and was firmly of the opinion that it was up to all young writers to do the same. I myself was at that time besotted by George Moore's style. Walpole was less impressed by it. A precious style perhaps had its place in another kind of work, he thought. The novelist's first and last job, he persisted, is to tell a story. From which remark one might have taken him for one of those hearty, light-weight novelists who turned out their books between rounds of golf; someone with no use for the 'dedicated' writer. But this was not so. He was convinced that if the younger generation of novelists had a fault in common that fault was a lack of serious application to the task in hand. I wrote down what he said on this subject:

During the war, when the world was upside-down, it was a different matter. It was understandable, at a time when men were being shot to pieces every day, to regard art—the writing of a novel, of a piece of music, or the painting of a picture—as something relatively unimportant. But now the time has come for men and women to take such jobs seriously again; and to believe in the supreme importance of what they set out to do. Many books nowadays are nicely 'got-up', in pretty enough covers, for which their publishers ask 7s. 6d. They look, in fact, just like books. And one has to open them to discover that they contain practically nothing.

He went on then to lament the conditions under which creative artists were forced to work:

Dickens, Scott, Trollope and the rest, were able to attain a peace of mind which is no longer possible. They had few dis-

tractions from their work. We unfortunately have too many. In the old days those who lived in the country started the day peacefully, with a mind set only on the work to be done during the day. But now each day is upset at breakfast-time by the arrival of the newspaper. A law might with advantage be passed compelling people to rest for a year, to remain quietly and reflect in some place out of reach of newspapers and the disturbing news they carry. People then might find their bearings and learn to think for themselves.

If he found the news disturbing in the nineteen-thirties, what would poor Walpole have said today? And would he not have hated television? Well—I am not so sure that he would. That talk about the necessity of leading a peaceful and secluded life in order to concentrate on novel-writing was all very well. But one has to remember that he raised no objection, when the offer came, to visiting Hollywood; to working there; to writing the film script, even, of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. He might just as easily today have succumbed to the lure of television. While recognising the advantage to a writer of living apart, I think he always found it difficult to resist being what you might call in the swim.

Once Walpole told me a story, which he emphatically declared had the merit of being a perfectly true story. He said:

As a young man I was taken to have tea with Thomas Hardy, who at the time was living with his first wife in a small flat in London. The first Mrs. Hardy was a 'difficult' woman. She talked and talked and talked. Never have I heard anybody talk quite as unceasingly. And while she went on and on, Mr. Hardy sat silent in a corner, so that I began to think I might leave the room without hearing my idol utter so much as a single word. However, just as I was about to take my leave something happened to stop for a moment Mrs. Hardy's everlasting conversation. A crumb, I think, stuck in her throat, and seizing his opportunity Hardy came over to me. 'Mr. Walpole', he said, 'I hear you intend to spend your life writing novels'. 'Yes, Mr. Hardy', I replied, thrilled by the interest shown in me by one who was himself such a successful novelist. 'Well', said Hardy, 'I shouldn't if I were you'.

Concluding his story, Walpole added: 'I'm glad I didn't pay too much attention to Hardy's advice'. Somehow, I felt glad too. Glad—for Walpole's sake.—*Home Service*

Frustrations of Arriving in New York

By ALISTAIR COOKE

WE slid up the Hudson with the early tide, a cruelly early tide. We woke at six-thirty in the morning, with the Jersey shore already stationary through the porthole. I suppose it was the blasting of the ship's horn that woke us, and the tootings and gurglings of the answering tugs, which when a new ship comes in fuss like puppies round a long-lost mother.

It is not the most romantic way to arrive in New York, but there was nothing for it. We staggered round, peering through closed eyes for the forgotten toothpaste, the lost bracelet, till we were alive enough to realise that the toothpaste was packed the night before, and the bracelet was on the wrist. We paid off the hovering phantoms of the 'boots' and the night steward, and I managed a last succulent rasher or two of English bacon. They slice up a pig in a different fashion in the United States, with the result that bacon comes in thin strips of fat, which shrink in the pan, and can vanish altogether if you go on frying them long enough. Then we doled out the last of our English money, hoisted out of a sagging pocket those monstrous copper pennies, and shook our heads for the last time over the absurdity of using the biggest and heaviest coin for the smallest unit of currency, which may explain why Englishmen walk with a roll, and seem loaded with contraband around the hips.

Then we went up to the main lounge and had our passports banged and stamped, flashed our landing cards and trotted down the gangway, and so out to the ordeal of the Customs. It will do

little good to complain to you about the slow-motion system peculiar to the United States, whereby what takes ten courteous minutes at Southampton, thirty perfunctory seconds in France, and about one frenzied ten minutes entering Spain, takes two hours on the docks of New York. We came on to the pier at a quarter to eight, and with absolutely nothing examined or questioned we got away at ten minutes past ten. But maybe if I describe this cumbersome farce to you it might awaken a wince in Grosvenor Square, and then if we all get together and write letters to Mr. Dulles, maybe in a year or two a visitor to the United States, coming in all flushed with prospects of Marilyn Monroe, eatable ice-cream, and night baseball, will be received as a guest in good faith, rather than a jewel thief whose probable police record must be filtered through the horny hands of a whole bureau of lawyers in Washington. I understand that the system was invented in Washington, and the inspectors themselves are as exasperated by it as their victims are. It was set out on four legal-sized forms by astute lawyers who imagine the worst, and then lace up the loopholes like demented grandmothers knitting a sweater for high school graduations. I do not believe even the Soviets could be so systematically heavy-handed.

In other countries your luggage appears on long trestles. After you have gone through the stamping routine of the immigration men and the police, you identify your bags, you round them up, signal a Customs man, he asks what you have to declare, and if you are a blonde and blue-eyed he may toy with the zipper for

a moment and then scrawl his password on all of them. If you are me—who looked like a Central American bridge shark working the boats out of Singapore (I have never played bridge in my life)—they ask you 'what's to declare'. You say: 'Not a thing. Oh yes, six packs of American cigarettes and a novel by Kingsley Amis'. This is evidently inflammatory stuff, because the man puts on expression Number 16—the amused disbelief one; and he motions you to open up: open up everything. This takes about two minutes. He runs his fingers through my ties, and he kneads the soft mass of shirts and pyjamas, glances at a side pocket, and nods 'O.K.'

Elephantine Inefficiency

The man at New York the other morning did not even do this. Why then the two hours, and the gathering storm on the faces of a couple of Lancashire ladies who came off the boat with expressions of rapt bliss, expecting and believing that beyond the gates stood George Washington, indicating the Grand Canyon; and beyond that offering them the freedom of California? Well, it is not due to the ill will of any single American. It is due to a system, devised to save you just those humiliations we have heard upset the visitor to those backward frontiers of Europe. The system is simple and logical and guaranteed to produce elephantine inefficiency.

A couple of days before you dock you are given a U.S. Government form explaining that returning residents are allowed \$500-worth of European loot, exempt from all duty if said resident has not been outside these United States during the past six months. If your purchases have gone to over \$200, then you must list them item by item. When this is done, and you affix your signature, and have heeded the warning that all these statements will be received as gospel, and will be punishable by heavy fines and a possible stretch in gaol if you stretched a point, you then go to the purser's office, hand in the form, and he tears a strip off the bottom and hands it to you as your voucher, or claim check.

This, you say, you dope you, is going to save a lot of trouble on the pier. You forget it for a couple of days, and then the ship ties up, and you sally on to the pier. First thing you see is a queue, with no buskers, which would do credit to a breadline in Brest-Litovsk in 1919. You are about to join this queue until you notice that the bald-headed man standing to starboard of a big girder is motionless, and will stay that way for ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes. The queue ends at a passageway between two desks, behind which half a dozen men in blue uniforms are whisking through papers, sorting and pencilling with despatch and no sort of ill humour. The whole thing is smooth and good-tempered—the only snag is it doesn't work. Our luggage, mind you, had been swiftly assembled under the letter 'C', and there our bags stand like dumb waifs waiting to be rescued by Travellers' Aid. We sit on a bench in eyeing distance of them, and open up two books and start to read. This is the relaxed way of doing it. Protests will get you nowhere, since Americans are marvellously tolerant of inefficiencies that are built into their own way of life.

Twenty-one minutes later the bald-head vanished behind the girder, and we knew that the queue was on its way. I got up and joined it, but after another half-hour it seemed a needless bit of exercise, so I went back to my wife, who was snickering over *The Dud Avocado*, and oblivious, as only an American can be, of a delay that would stir her to mayhem in London or Copenhagen.

Back to the Old Routine

After ninety minutes, I am within a few yards of the Customs desk, so what was this routine all about? Just what the form said: you would get off the ship, present your voucher to the Customs desk where an inspector would match it with your declaration, and smartly accompany you to your luggage—there to check with the declared articles, or to waive them, and send you on your way. Well, the man had my form in a jiffy, and he stamped my voucher. I looked at him in amazement, and he looked at me as if I were an idiot. The whole process I had spent ninety minutes unravelling took ten seconds to complete. 'Now what?', I said. 'You go back to your baggage', he said tenderly,

'and as soon as an inspector's free he'll bring the rest of your forms'.

So I went back, and looked at my uncomplaining bag and baggage, and sat down on the bench again. On some page that was not so funny as the rest my wife looked up and asked me if I was sure I knew how the system worked. I have to live with this woman, and I got up and checked with another inspector. There seemed to be slews of them lounging around. 'This is quite a system', I said between my teeth. 'Isn't it something though', the man said. 'These twenty-year-olds come up from Washington and you can't tell them a thing. This is the way Washington says it has to be'. I nod wisely and retreat to the bench. My wife is cackling again, and no further doubts are cast on my knowledge of the system. Another fifteen minutes slip by. No inspector. Then I remembered a gambit that has worked on other government departments. I went up to the desk again, and summoned up all the histrionic relaxation I once wasted on an amateur dramatic society. 'Could I', I proposed as gently as possible as if this was going to be an enormous favour, 'could I leave this voucher with you and go and get some breakfast, and then we'll be back in half an hour or so, and maybe collect an inspector then?'

'What's the name?', the man asked. 'Are you kidding?', said another man—evidently a television fiend. 'What do you know', said the first man, breaking into the flattery of recognition. 'Say', he says, 'that's quite a show you have there', and he leaned on my form—my declaration form, that is. 'Have you ever watched the Soapsuds Show?'

'Eh—' I said, not missing a trick, 'that—ah—would be—' 'The Soapsuds Show', he says. 'My son does the commercials. Watch for him'.

'I certainly will', I say.

'Now, Mr. Cooke', he says, as if they had been checking the identity of that bread-line queue just to find me, and expedite my journey home, 'here's the form, and Mr. Whatnot—he'll be right along'.

Screening and Chalking

I am very grateful. Mr. Whatnot is an easygoing, courteous gent. My wife had packed all of the declared trinkets in one bag, and that is all he wants to see. He screens it in fifteen seconds flat, and chalks the other bags. He hopes we had a fine vacation, and we are on our way home.

Swinging up the Westside Highway, and admiring the sun glinting on the George Washington Bridge, I say: 'Two hours and fifteen minutes'.

'That's just about what you normally figure', my wife says, and she remarks on the greenery everywhere, and wonders where we'll go for dinner.

Now this is the most tiresome peace-time example of an American trait that enjoyed its finest hour among the rationing boards of the second world war. I well remember when, as a war correspondent, assigned to reporting the effect of the war on the whole landscape of the United States, I applied soon after Pearl Harbour to the Office of Price Administration for the four rubber tyres I was going to need to roll around on. Rubber had been frozen for the duration. But since I had collected a wad of impressive credentials from the Army and Navy, and Defence Department, I looked the New York Ration Board square down in the eye. The four sad-eyed citizens went over my forms and stack of letters, and handed them back with a sigh. There was nothing they could do for me. I did not come under any privileged or known category: no tyres.

I was a British war correspondent, and an American citizen. That was bad enough to begin with. 'You see', said their lawyer over a healing drink, 'in Britain you have what we call *ad hoc* committees—that is to say, you set up some rules, but if the rules do not cover your case, then it is judged on its merits. Over here we cook up the law on paper, and if the law has overlooked your peculiar position, or never anticipated it, you're simply out of luck'.

Well, the law had certainly not thought of me. And a friend with the British Supply Council told me a story, to stress the point that I should forget my tyres and go by train. This was

(continued on page 1018)

NEWS DIARY

June 11-17

Wednesday, June 11

The Prime Minister arrives in Ottawa from Washington

General de Gaulle rebukes Algerian committee of public safety for manifesto published yesterday

U.N. Security Council authorises Secretary-General to send an observation team to the Lebanon

Thursday, June 12

Greek Parliament adopts resolution denouncing the Turkish atrocities in Cyprus

M. Soustelle, former Governor-General of Algeria, is summoned by General de Gaulle to Paris

T.U.C. agrees to give financial help to the London bus strike. No progress is made in attempts to end the unofficial strike at Smithfield market

Friday, June 13

The Prime Minister addresses a joint session of the Canadian Parliament

The results of four by-elections show no change

Mr. Khrushchev sends another letter to the Western Powers about proposed summit talks

Saturday, June 14

Heavy fighting breaks out in Beirut, capital of the Lebanon, between rebels and Government forces

The Prime Minister arrives home from his visit to the United States and Canada

The Port of London Employers' Association agrees to withdraw unregistered labour from the docks in an attempt to end the unofficial strike

Sunday, June 15

Turkish Foreign Minister hands Note to British Ambassador rejecting British plan for settlement of dispute over Cyprus. Move of 16th Independent Parachute Brigade Group to Cyprus is completed

Dr. Nkrumah, Prime Minister of Ghana, arrives on visit to Cairo

Monday, June 16

Budapest radio announces that Mr. Nagy, Prime Minister of Hungary during the uprising of 1956, has been executed

Minister of Labour appoints committee to inquire into unofficial strike by meat drivers. Thirteen thousand dockers return to work

Tuesday, June 17

The Government's statement on Cyprus is postponed at request of Nato Council

Delegate conference of London busmen rejects proposals to end strike

General de Gaulle is to visit Algeria again in July accompanied by M. Mollet



Large crowds demonstrating against Britain and Greece in Istanbul last Sunday. An effigy of Archbishop Makarios was burnt and shouts were heard of 'Cyprus partition or death'



Left: Sir Winston Churchill photographed with Lord Tedder, Chancellor of Cambridge University, when they met together with their fellow trustees of Churchill College, Cambridge, at Sir Winston's London home on June 12. An appeal has been launched to raise funds for this college, which is to specialise in scientific and technological subjects

Below: a general view of the ceremony proclaiming the National Eisteddfod of Wales 1959, which took place at Caernarvon Castle on June 13





Queen leading the way back to Buckingham Palace after the ceremony of Trooping the Colour on June 12



and the Duke of Edinburgh meeting artists of the Royal Opera House, Coventry for the gala performance of opera and ballet on June 10 to celebrate the centenary of the foundation of the opera house

Pewter Room of the Antique Dealers' Fair and Exhibition which is open at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, London, until June 26



The War Office announced on June 14 that the 16th Independent Parachute Brigade Group was being flown to Cyprus. The photograph shows paratroopers on board an R.A.F. transport aircraft as it was about to leave Abingdon last week



On June 14 the British ladies lawn tennis team won the Wightman Cup against the United States for the first time since 1930. The team are, from left to right, Anne Shilcock, Shirley Bloomer, Christine Truman, Mrs. Mary Halford (non-playing captain), Anne Haydon, and Pat Ward



(continued from page 1015)

his story. It appears that during Mr. (as he then was) Churchill's flying visit to Washington in December 1941, it was decided that the late Field-Marshal Sir John Dill, the British Chief of Staff in Washington, ought to be always on hand to report to the War Cabinet in London the extent of any aerial damage the Germans might do to any American target their bombers might take a fancy to. The Field-Marshal accordingly applied for four new tyres, and in deference to his grandeur the Ration Board came

to him. They took out the book of rules. Did he carry fuel or ice? He did not. Would he use his car to ferry children to school? Hardly. Did he attend patients in a hospital as well as in private practice? He did neither. They were sorry: within the meaning of the Act there were no tyres for him. Field-Marshals who might have to whisk off into the night to report to Mr. Churchill the pulverising of an American Naval Base had somehow been overlooked by the sincere men who thought up the categories.

Similarly, I imagine, Washington decided in

a legal trance that the Customs' declaration form with the tear-off voucher is a perfect way to avoid congestion and delay on the pier. Unfortunately they never anticipated the queue of people waiting, and the army of inspectors trying to match 1,600 vouchers with their original documents. So long live, I say, the British *ad hoc* committee, and the good sense of men to leave laws flexible enough to bend to the human beings who try to live by them. I simply hate to have to tell you that, in the end, Sir John Dill got his tyres. Me too!—*Home Service*

The Church of England—Ideal and Reality*

By NORMAN SYKES

WE agree', wrote Richard Hooker in *The Laws of Ecclesiastical Policy*, his classic statement of the theory of an established Church, 'that pure and unstained religion ought to be the highest of all cares appertaining to public regiment'; and consequently, 'all true virtues are to honour true religion as their parent, and all well-ordered commonwealths to love her as their chiefest stay'.

Both the concept and the language may seem outmoded today, when the general tendency of States is to be secular in character—at best benevolently neutral towards Christianity and the Church, at worst definitely hostile and persecuting. Nevertheless it is worth while to look more closely at Hooker's ideal and its embodiment in practice in the history of the Church and people of England. For then perhaps we can see how far and in what forms it is relevant still to our present conditions.

Duties of the State

In the first place, Hooker's statement stands for the principle that the State is committed to the provision of 'the good life' for its citizens; and that this good life includes recognition of their status as citizens also of a city which hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God. This means that parliament, in Hooker's words, 'is a court not so merely temporal as if it might meddle with nothing but only leather and wool'. It may, and properly should, concern itself with the religious and moral welfare of the people. A recent example of this is the provision in the Butler Education Act of 1944 for religious teaching in the State primary and secondary schools. The State therefore accepts that the profession and practice of Christianity belong not only to the private citizen, but ideally to the sphere of its corporate life and relationships. Of course, the practice of the State, as reflected in its laws and customs, may fall below the ideal, but the important circumstance is its recognition of the ideal and of an obligation to approximate as closely as possible to it.

In the sixteenth century two features were present and powerful, which have changed so considerably as to be almost unrecognisable today. The Church of England then was in reality a national Church, coterminous with the nation-state; and every citizen was also a churchman. To quote Hooker again:

Seeing there is not any man of the Church of England, but the same is also a member of the Commonwealth, nor any man a member of the Commonwealth which is not also of the Church of England . . . so, albeit properties and actions of one kind do cause the name of a commonwealth, qualities and functions of another sort the name of a Church to be given unto a multitude, yet one and the selfsame multitude may in such sort be both, and is so with us, that no person appertaining to the one can be denied to be also of the other.

This identification of citizenship and churchmanship made it easier for Church and State in sixteenth-century England to co-operate. But remember that the principle was not restricted to the nation-state; it could be applied equally well in the princedoms of Germany and in the city-states of Zurich or Geneva. Fundamentally, its essential innovation lay in the assertion of the rights and authority of the laity in ecclesiastical affairs; though the forms in which this right is expressed varied considerably from country to country. 'Thus', as Figgis never tired of insisting, 'it is the lay power which is ultimately supreme in Reformation theory', with the corollary that 'the laity are an active not a passive part of the Church'. This factor ensures that a national Church shall notwithstanding remain a *Church*, and not become a department of State, like the Ministry of Education, or a Ministry of Cultural Relations, or even a *Ministry des Cultes*. Where, as in England, the Sovereign is also Supreme Governor of the Church this involves no infringement of the Headship of Christ over the Church Universal. It simply means that the local territorial ruler has the responsibility for both tables of the law, that is for the spiritual as well as the temporal welfare of all his subjects.

The Tudor Conception

The Tudor ideal survives therefore as the expression of acknowledgement by the State of the standard of Christian profession and practice, and by the Church of the rightful position enjoyed by the State in the divine government of the world. It represents a recognition that man does not live by bread alone, but also by every word proceeding out of the mouth of God. It means that the State has a duty to see that its citizens have opportunity of instruction in the Word of God; and that the Church is intimately concerned to ensure that they have

temporal goods enough to enable them to enjoy 'the good life'. Moreover, nations and nationalism have not withered away even in the twentieth century; and a national Church has the duty of preventing nationalism from becoming too aggressively self-conscious by subordinating it to the discipline of membership in the universal Christian community. In this connection, it is important to bear in mind that the Church of England, though formerly confined to the two Provinces of Canterbury and York, an ecclesiastical city of Zoar, 'a very little city', has now outspread into the Anglican Communion: whose Provinces extend in many regions neither subject to the Crown nor members of the Commonwealth, and which have shed all the vestiges of Tudor insularity and nationalism. Indeed, of all these provinces of the Anglican Communion, only the two first-parents, the provinces of Canterbury and York, still enjoy the position of establishment.

Changes over Four Centuries

One expects the practical conditions and forms of the national Church in England to have changed during the four centuries since the inauguration of the Elizabethan settlement. In the sixteenth century the authority of the Crown was reflected in its status as Supreme Governor of the Church; and the Godly Prince was at once Sovereign in matters temporal and Supreme Head in matters ecclesiastical. To this end he had two deliberative and legislative organs of government, Parliament for the affairs of State and the Convocations for Church matters.

In strict constitutional theory, therefore, the Sovereign could transact business of the Church through the purely clerical Convocations, and could claim to represent in himself alone the voice of the laity. But for a variety of practical reasons, some of the legislation of the Tudor Reformation was enacted by the Crown in Parliament; so that the voice of the laity came to find expression also through Parliament. Indeed Hooker expressly recognised this, when he contended that the clergy alone ought not to make laws for the Church. 'Till it be proved', he says, 'that some special law of Christ hath for ever annexed unto the clergy alone the power to make ecclesiastical laws, we hold it a thing most consonant with reason and equity, that no ecclesiastical law be made in a Christian

* The third of five talks by different speakers on the Church and England

Britain builds its future on coal



...and there's a whole new wealth of opportunity for career-minded young men ... as Britain's coal industry pushes ahead with vast reconstruction and development programmes...

Exciting things are happening in Britain's new coal industry. New collieries are being opened. Large-scale mechanisation is the order of the day. Engineering and scientific research teams are busy exploring new ways to get coal and to make it work harder for the future wealth and welfare of the nation. The men who make their careers in coal will find the rewards measure up to the responsibilities. The money is good. The prospects are excellent. Not only is there a fascinating variety of problems ; there is the satisfaction of knowing that this is one of the most vital careers Britain has to offer.

University Scholarships : Do you realise that the National Coal Board offers a hundred University Scholarships each year to school-leavers and young men already in the industry? This fact alone gives you some idea of the need for highly-trained people. Most of these Scholarships are for mining engineering, but some are given in mechanical, electrical, civil and chemical engineering and fuel technology. The parents' income makes no difference to the value of the Scholarship.

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commonwealth, without the consent as well of the laity as of the clergy'.

In practice, however, the relationship of Parliament and Convocation has proved a delicate matter; and the adjustment of their respective spheres of authority a task of extreme difficulty. Hooker, whilst holding that the power of legislation 'should belong to whole, not to any certain part of a body politic, though haply some may have greater sway in that action than the rest', made room for the initiative of Convocation in ecclesiastical matters, though not for its independence. 'The most natural and religious course in making of laws', he says, 'is that the matter of them be taken from the judgement of the wisest in those things which they are to concern':

In matters of God, to set down a form of public prayer, a solemn confession of the articles of Christian faith; rites and ceremonies meet for the exercise of religion, it were unnatural not to think the bishops and pastors of our souls a great deal more fit than men of secular trades and callings; howbeit when all which the wisdom of all sorts can do for devising of laws in the Church is done, it is the general consent of all that giveth them the form and vigour of laws.

William Warburton

In brief, Hooker contended that 'the Parliament of England together with the Convocation annexed thereto, is that whereupon the very essence of all government within this kingdom doth depend'. About a hundred and fifty years later another apologist for the Anglican establishment, William Warburton, in striving to reconcile the two principles of an established Church and toleration for dissenters from it, took substantially the same view of the relations between Convocation and Parliament.

There is reason that propositions for such laws [on ecclesiastical matters] should sometime come from the Church, which we must suppose well skilled (as in her proper business) in forming and digesting such new regulations, before they come before the consideration of the legislature. . . . For to have laws framed and modelled solely by the State, and (without previous communication) imposed upon the Church, is making of it the meanest and most abject of all the State's creatures. For every little company and corporation hath the honour to be consulted with, before any law is enacted that may affect its constitution.

Warburton's treatise on *The Alliance between Church and State* was published in 1736, the very year before Lord Hardwicke in his famous judgement in the case of *Middleton versus Crofts* laid down the maxim that:

The constant practice ever since the Reformation . . . has been, that when any material ordinances or regulations have been made to bind the laity as well as the clergy in matters ecclesiastical, they have been either enacted or confirmed by parliament; of this proposition the several Acts of Uniformity are so many proofs; for by these the whole doctrine and worship, the very rites and ceremonies of the church, and the literal form of public prayers are prescribed and established.

In point of fact events had outrun theory. The unequal contest between Parliament and Convocation for parity of power had been decisively settled in favour of Parliament by the suspension of sitting Convocations, first from 1664 to 1689, thence to 1701 and finally from 1717 to the middle of the nineteenth century. Nor was this all; for Parliament had stepped in

to fill the vacuum caused by the demise of Convocation and had arrogated to itself the authority of an ecclesiastical legislature.

So long as Hooker's postulate of the identity of citizenship and churchmanship was approximately accurate, the increasing power of Parliament in Church affairs could be justified; as, for example, when at the Restoration both Houses accepted without change the revision of the Book of Common Prayer prepared by Convocation. But from 1689 even the theory of Hooker was rendered obsolete by the Toleration Act; and during the first half of the nineteenth century all religious tests for Members of Parliament were progressively removed; so that no religious profession was any longer requisite for admission. The obvious anomaly of a heterogeneous assembly, such as the modern Parliament, legislating for the Church was increasingly realised; but the Convocations, when revived in the middle of the last century, could not overcome their long suspension and assert their former claim to be the ecclesiastical legislature. At the same time the multiplication of parliamentary business left little time for discussion of Church reform; so that by the outbreak of the first world war in the present century an impasse had been reached.

By the Enabling Act of 1919 new powers were given to the National Assembly of the Church of England to prepare measures for submission to Parliament, and such measures could not be amended by either House of Parliament, but must be accepted or rejected *in toto* as presented by the Church Assembly. The Church Assembly was composed of the two Houses of the Provincial Convocations plus a House of Laity, sitting and deliberating together, though voting separately. It gave to the laity a greater degree of responsibility and power than they had hitherto enjoyed. By this means a considerable volume of legislation of a practical, reforming character has been passed into law; but the dual rejection by the House of Commons in 1927-28 of a project of Prayer Book revision showed the difficulty of ensuring harmonious co-operation between Church Assembly and Parliament on matters of controversy and acute difference of opinion.

Ambitious Task

Since the end of the second world war the Convocations have embarked upon the ambitious and difficult task of producing a revised code of Canon Law, in the deliberation of which they are assisted by the informal advice of the House of Laity. The anomaly of this position, in which the House of Laity is invited to offer comment and criticism, but is unable legally to participate in the process of canon-making, has led to further consideration of the relationship of the purely clerical Convocations to the House of Laity. A commission appointed to study this question has just reported in favour of the formal association of the laity with the Convocations, thereby integrating them with all the deliberative and legislative procedure of the Church.

No one can predict the degree of favour which the Church Assembly, and ultimately Parliament, will accord to this proposal. But it has the merit of focusing attention on the dual issues of the full participation of the laity in all the affairs of the Church, and of the need for some measure of devolution of authority in Church matters from Parliament to the duly constituted

and representative assemblies of the Church. Without this participation of the laity, such a devolution is not practical politics; and so far as lay participation is concerned, the suggested changes would bring the Church in England into line with almost all the other Provinces of the Anglican Communion. Granted therefore a sufficient degree of patience, mutual understanding and careful deliberation, there is ground for hope that a *modus vivendi* between Parliament and the Church Assembly may be reached, which will preserve the principle and virtues of establishment.

Age-long Tradition of Alliance

For behind and beneath these necessary discussions of detail, there stands the age-long English tradition of alliance between Church and State, 'for the mutual society, help, and comfort that the one ought to have of the other, both in prosperity and adversity'. In the present tortured and troubled century, this partnership is not less, but rather more, necessary than perhaps in any preceding age. For the bright hopes of nineteenth-century liberalism, that the disavowal by the State of a Christian profession and standard would result in freedom for itself and advantage for the Church, have been dissolved by the advent of the modern totalitarian State. Once again, a vacuum has proved abhorrent; and where the profession of true religion has been abandoned, the tyranny of false religions, political in origin and this-worldly in character, both of the right and the left, has entered into violent and persecuting possession. Where allegiance to the immortal God has been forsworn, acceptance of *Leviathan* has been enforced; and *Leviathan* has taken over the nationalism no less than the ecclesiasticism of its former rival.

An established Church does no violence to the fundamental principles of either State or Church. It binds the State to the positive acknowledgement and profession of Christian standards and ideals; and it requires the Church to fulfil an apostleship to the whole people, alike in their individual and corporate capacity, without forgetting its own inalienable franchise as part of the One, Holy, Catholic Church of Christ. It is in the light of this mutual responsibility and alliance that both parties, the Parliament and the Church of England, should seek such an eirenic settlement of their constitutional relationship as will preserve the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace, and contribute to the good estate of both Church and Commonwealth.—*Third Programme*

Just over a year ago readers of THE LISTENER, along with readers of many other newspapers and journals, were requested by Mr. Reginald Piggott to send him samples of their handwriting. Contributions from readers of THE LISTENER were the second largest received from any journal. The approximate number of letters from readers came to over 1,700 and many contained two or three examples. The results of the investigation have now been published by Mr. Piggott in a book entitled *Handwriting, A National Survey*, Unwin 25s.

A new venture is Jupiter Recordings which has been established solely to make recordings of poetry. The first two recordings consist of the Jupiter Anthology of Twentieth-Century English Poetry, which has been planned on two double-sided, long-playing, twelve-inch discs, and includes the recitation of poems by Thomas Hardy, A. E. Housman, W. B. Yeats, D. H. Lawrence and Edith Sitwell. It can be purchased for 39s., including postage, from Jupiter Recordings Ltd., 22B, Ebury Street, London, S.W.1.

The Hilarity of Henry Miller

By THOMAS PARKINSON

HENRY MILLER is probably best known as the author of several banned books: *The Tropic of Cancer*, *The Tropic of Capricorn*, *Black Spring*, and the sections of *The Rosy Crucifixion* so far printed. Ezra Pound summed up *The Tropic of Cancer* when he said gleefully: 'At last, an unprintable book that is readable!' Since its first publication in 1934 *The Tropic of Cancer* has enjoyed a subterranean reputation that has sent it through several printings and numerous translations and countless piratings. The fact that it still cannot circulate legally in the United States and England is one of the intellectual disgraces of the English-speaking world. It is certainly one of the masterpieces of this era, and its picaresque savagery, grotesquery, humaneness, and hilarity will grant it a constant place in the literature of the world.

Of the printable books that circulate freely in England and the United States, the best is probably *The Colossus of Maroussi*, that marvellous song of praise to the Greek character, and in that book Miller seems most in control of his idiom, most exalted by his subject. Yet every book by Miller has something wonderful to recommend it, some one essay or sketch at least, and I can still remember vividly, some ten years after reading it, a story called 'Reunion in Brooklyn', a heart-breaking story of human loss and loneliness and defeated love, that is possibly the best piece of prose written by an American since the recent war. It is in a book called *Sunday after the War*, and that book, along with *The Colossus*, *The Cosmological Eye*, *The Air-Conditioned Nightmare*, *The Wisdom of the Heart*, and *Remember to Remember*, is part of a considerable *œuvre*, repetitive, self-indulgent, egotistical—and basically warm and ingratiating. All these books circulate legally.

The Same Book

Now, Miller's most recent book has been published in England: *Big Sur and the Oranges of Hieronymus Bosch*.^{*} It has many of the qualities of Miller's best writing, and it is characteristically uneven in texture and accomplishment. All of Miller's books are essentially the same book; we find the same personality at their centre, the same moral and aesthetic values at work, so that sometimes the books seem composed of interchangeable parts: a section of any work could be moved to any other work without loss to the total design of either. The only elements that distinguish one work from another are milieu and personnel—in this instance the milieu and personnel of the colony of disaffiliated intellectuals and artists who live at Big Sur on the Californian coast. But in Miller's work persons and places are always transmuted by the peculiar moral intensity with which he contemplates them, they are taken into his psyche and made into symbolic figures, angels, demons, entities of unique and portentous meaning. He trusts his experience completely, as a message that he has to decipher and articulate, and he trusts his own

rendering. As early as 1934, in *The Tropic of Cancer*, he had established his point of view as a writer, and he never wavered from it:

I have made a silent compact with myself not to change a line of what I write. I am not interested in perfecting my thoughts, nor my actions. Beside the perfection of Turgeniev I put the perfection of Dostoevski. . . . Here . . . in one and the same medium, we have two kinds of perfection. But in Van Gogh's letters there is a perfection beyond either of these. It is the triumph of the individual over art.

He denies the evasions of art and substitutes the assertions of experience. The result in all his books, even in his books about books, is a constant and highly charged immediacy of rendering, as if he were actually recording events as they occurred, so that there is a hurried breathlessness of tone that comes from the simple effort to keep up with experience as it emerges before his pleased and startled eyes.

Ecstatic Joy

When I try to find a single word that sums up Miller's quality, the word is 'hilarity', a kind of ecstatic joy that, even when most humanely motivated, remains vaguely electric, galvanic, stripped of the softening contours of humour, free of the intellectual elaborateness of wit. It is all so real and so highly charged that the question of truth or falsity or beauty or form never comes up. His assertions are facts, data torn directly out of the life of the man. In *The Tropic of Cancer* he placed himself in the American tradition by speaking of what Whitman meant to him and his fellow expatriates in Paris:

Inevitably there always crept into our discussions the figure of Whitman, that one lone figure which America has produced in the course of her brief life. In Whitman the whole American scene comes to life, her past and her future, her birth and her death. . . . He was the Poet of the Body and the Soul, Whitman. The first and the last poet. He is almost undecipherable today, a monument covered with rude hieroglyphs for which there is no key. It seems strange to mention his name over here. There is no equivalent in the language of Europe for the spirit which he immortalised. Europe is saturated with art and her soil is full of dead bones and her museums are bursting with plundered treasures, but what Europe has never had is a free, healthy spirit, what you might call a MAN. Goethe was the nearest approach, but Goethe was a stuffed shirt by comparison. Goethe was a respectable citizen, a pedant, a bore, a universal spirit, but stamped with the German trade-mark, with the double eagle. The serenity of Goethe, the calm Olympian attitude, is nothing more than the drowsy stupor of a German bourgeois deity. Goethe is an end of something. Whitman is a beginning.

He speaks, in spite of his dislike of 'art' and 'literature', of the artist as the only sensible person, but this vision of the artist is not a specialised one. To Miller, the artist is man perceiving, man tasting, man shaping, and that is all. In refusing to deny the qualities and materials of life, in his attention to them, his

respect for them, the artist is accepting the conditions of life, and is therefore living in the truth, having significant experience. In one of his *Journals* Baudelaire says that he who does not accept the conditions of life is selling his soul, and with this Miller would agree. Thus Miller delights constantly in the French pleasures, in those objects that can easily be walked round, or—better yet—held between the two hands, the pleasures that are sensual rather than material, that can be enjoyed but never possessed.

The artist's mode of being implies an attitude, and the important aspect of the artist's life is not his 'accomplishments', his finished and perfect and (Miller would say) dead works. The important thing is the process of creativity and the alive sensibility required by that process. Against the mystique of a commercial civilisation and its love of selling commodities, he poses the ethos of an artistic community and its love of the process of experience and making. In *The Tropic of Cancer* he quoted Joyce approvingly, 'I love everything that flows'; and to Miller, the fluid, organic life of the world of process is all that matters, and the artistic sensibility is the only human characteristic that is in tune with the world of flux and change, that does not exploit it or destroy its natural contours.

A society that lived in accord with the nature of man and the nature of the world would live in a state of communion with one another and with their immediate and endless environment. Miller is no fool; he knows very well that the community of disaffiliated intellectuals and artists at Big Sur and the Brothers and Sisters of the Free Spirit who sponsored Bosch's millennium triptych are mere sketches, adumbrations, of human possibility. He is perfectly explicit in his recognition of the evil in himself and in other men, in their failings, shortcomings, and perversities. He believes that it is the duty of men to live so that the possibility of community can come closer to accomplishment.

Prophetic Mantle

This general attitude has come increasingly to dominate Miller's later works. As a matter of fact, this attitude has become the overt subject of his writing, and Miller has taken on himself the prophetic mantle with results that are not always attractive. Assuming the status of the complete artist, at times he indulges himself in a form of snobbism. From this position he acts like an intellectual bully, positing an audience of perfectly bottomless stupidity that has to be pushed and prodded into a posture of submission. All books assume an ideal reader, and passages of *Big Sur* and *The Oranges of Hieronymus Bosch* assume as their reader the mythical American boob. Unless one takes vicarious pleasure in this pose of moral superiority, this aspect of Miller's work will seem deplorable. My contempt for snobbism in any form is so consuming that I often find the moral radiance of this book completely

intolerable even when I most fully agree with its assertions.

Miller talks much about tenderness and reverence, but it is remarkable how little tenderness this book exhibits; the ecstatic galvanic tone of the whole is really harsh. It is a generous book, and Miller is a generous man, but generosity without tenderness is an odd quality, impersonal and electric and tasteless. Such generosity recoils upon itself, is self-destructive because it lacks the protection of a gift that is motivated by trust in the truth of the heart's affections. In the community of love that Miller explicitly accepts as the only human community of importance, generosity does not exist, is an artificial motive without natural need. The fact of giving is a fact and has no moral sanction or prestige.

So the book is marred by a confusion of attitude and subject. Once a moral attitude becomes a subject, all objectivity, and that means all true sympathy, becomes corrupted: everything is seen through the attitude, all the personae of the work become projections of the author's motives, figures that exist because he wills their existence. His faith in his own beliefs becomes stronger than his trust in the angelic and demonic identities that come to him.

In Miller's own terms, this is a form of failure, and this book shows occasional deep flaws. Sometimes these are so evaluated and presented by Miller, and his frankness in this respect is almost overwhelming. The failures are failures in responsiveness, personal rather than aesthetic, and they deny the curve of life, its flow, both in Miller and in those he deals with. These failures are the evil and the risk of experience, they deny simplicity and

passion and sensuality, and they are the inseparable components of any form of life however fairly and innocently arranged. One form of, such a failure is stylistic, and the special danger for any artist adopting the Whitmanesque aesthetic that Miller espouses is simply laziness of phrasing, a lack of responsiveness to the elements of his craft whether they be images, lines, sentences, chords, pigment. Laziness of this sort is a failure in reverence, even in tenderness, a form of ingratitude to the inanimate gift—the medium—that any artist violates at his peril. Thomas Wolfe ruined one of the greatest fictive gifts that America has ever known by his irreverence for his medium; the young American novelist Jack Kerouac is well on his way toward ruining a gift almost as great, and Miller, too, has come to the point where he writes pages that are not only not up to his best but complete nonsense.

And yet: who else could write the best pages of this book? Sincerity is a virtue that has been debased into a merchandisable commodity in popular culture, so that the bland incapacity for perceiving and expressing anything at all has made Perry Como the favourite of television audiences, as if sincerity could be attained by passivity. In more elevated reaches, sincerity has been decried as messy self-expression, and an ideal of impersonal aloofness has taken over. Yet the appalling and imposing fact of this book is its sincerity: Miller means all this! It is all real. People are really like that. Miller is really like that, ordinary, coy, corny, generous, ecstatic, careless, sardonic, direct, observant, sensitive, indifferent, remorseful. With life stripped to the quick, every person and every event looms large and full of portent, and

against the harsh overwhelming innocence and beauty of the coast of California, these petty human passions are at once diminished and dignified. They are more clearly outlined.

This becomes most evident in the last section of the book, originally published in the United States under the title *Devil in Paradise* and in the English edition called *Paradise Lost*. Hearing from an old acquaintance that he is destitute in Switzerland, Miller offers him a haven at Big Sur for the rest of his life, and Conrad Moricand makes this enormous change, settling into a tiny room in Miller's very primitive arrangements on Partington Ridge. Moricand is an aristocratic Frenchman, and he has many of the attitudes of Baudelaire, his hatred of the 1789 Revolution, his insistence on the artificiality of goodness, the necessity for discipline. When the two confront each other on certain occasions, Moricand reserved, self-limiting, incisive, Miller blunt, open, uninhibited, they seem like allegorical stereotypes of the European and American. No man had greater reason for impatience than Miller in this episode with Moricand, but something more than impatience, something unpleasantly like hysterical self-assertion, comes through.

All this is rendered with the most intensive thoroughness of self-scrutiny, the greatest directness and immediacy and accuracy of moral evaluation. Freed of the impulse toward moral superiority, forced to humility by the world of experience separate from his own will, Miller writes better than he intends and displays the terror and waste of life with a profound and compelling fullness and places the galvanic ebullience of the other sections of the book in a fuller perspective.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER

Will the Railways Ever Pay?

Sir,—British Railways do not pay for the simple reason that their traffic has been abstracted by subsidised competition. In all forms of transport the governing factor in cost is the permanent way. A railway has to buy the land for its track and stations, construct, repair, police, signal, and light its track and stations, and pay rates on them.

A road haulier finds his 'permanent way' provided, repaired, policed, signalled, and lighted by the ratepayers; so he can charge smaller rates. The same thing applies to coach fares. A railway passenger fancies that all he has to pay for is the train; in fact the train is only the last of a series of services rendered by the railway.

The road haulier puts his lorry on the road and leaves local councils to do all the rest; so it is with the coach or omnibus. Moreover the railway has to carry all the traffic offered, while the lorry owner can pick and choose. Thus the railway is left with the low-rated goods, such as coal, ore, and stone, while the lorry takes the highly rated goods, such as food, cloth, and machinery. In the old days railways were made to charge according to the value of the goods carried, so that coal was carried cheaply—the loss made good by higher charges on the expensive goods.

Passenger traffic has always been charged on the absurd plan of so much a mile, with nothing for 'terminal' costs. This is like charging 2s. 6d. for a theatre seat for the first Act, or delivering coal in 14 lb. bags at the same price per ton as a truckload. Add 2d. to the cost of every passenger ticket; then reduce the price of long-distance tickets. Long-distance trains earn a large sum; stopping trains are probably run at a loss. Long-distance fares should be so low that motorists would prefer to travel by rail: I would carry their cars at a small charge.

But the first thing is to raise the licence duties on motor lorries, and make them 'progressive', e.g., one ton £20; the second ton 30s. per cwt.; the third ton 40s. per cwt., and so on. Then add fifty per cent. for licences valid for long distances. The Chancellor might well add sixpence to the petrol duty, and hand the revenue to the relief of the local ratepayer.

No one will suggest that rubber-tyred vehicles, moving up and down hills on macadamised roads, involve less motive power and man-power than steel-tyred trucks moving on steel rails along graded tracks.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

J. E. ALLEN

Sir,—While congratulating Mr. Sargent on the candour with which he has discussed the

problem of a railway subsidy (THE LISTENER, June 12), I wonder whether he would be prepared to go further by considering the economic and social alternatives of a policy which would allow our railways to remain a depressed industry and deny the community at large the services which a modernised railway network could provide—as they are, e.g., provided in Switzerland. It may appear justifiable, on so-called economical grounds, to condone the truncation of our rail services; but the result would be the strangulation of urban traffic by the private motor vehicle, despite the waste of good agricultural land on super highways. The ultimate outcome would be what the Americans have learnt to call the 'erosion of the city centres', which is another way of describing the transformation of most of the country into a gigantic suburban sprawl.

Seen against this frightening prospect, the cost of modernising the railways, providing adequate parking facilities in the 'green belt' areas—where more cars may be parked at less cost than in urban centres—building more underground rail links in London and Birmingham, and developing a dual-purpose goods vehicle to avoid reloading between road and rail may appear a cheap price to pay for saving us from ourselves.

It may also be asked whether it would not be

wise to broaden the basis of our engineering industry by creating a ready home-market for electric locomotives, signalling installations, and other capital goods which provide a lucrative range of export commodities. One factor missing in Mr. Sargent's assessment of relative costs is the practice of the Inland Revenue to allow the cost of motorcars and lorries used for and by private firms to be offset against tax liabilities.

Yours, etc.,

Dunsden Green

RALF BONWIT

Must an Educator Have an Aim?

Sir,—Though it seems to me that the writer of the editorial in *THE LISTENER* of June 5, by talking of such high abstractions as 'rounded citizens', etc., fell into Mr. Peters' trap, I still think that Mr. Peters hasn't analysed the difficulties over talk about aims in education quite satisfactorily. For indeed, in some respects, the danger is not so much that quarrels about aims shall disguise disputes about 'principles of procedure' but rather that squabbles about procedures shall blanket concealed differences of aim. Thus in the last few years there has been a good deal of discussion about the relative merits of 'progressive' and 'formal' education—disputes which are generally accepted as being disputes about 'principles of procedure'. What has been too little recognised is that often these quarrels have served to conceal a certain incompatibility of aim as between the two parties.

In a brief letter I shall have to employ high abstractions myself when I say that the 'formalists' are usually concerned with the transmission of particular bodies of knowledge and of intellectual skills, whereas the 'progressives' are concerned to develop what is referred to as the 'whole child'—the child as an intellectual but also as an emotional, social, and physical being. Now this means two things. In the first place, 'progressives' show no great enthusiasm for the acquiring of knowledge. Consider, for instance, the implications of Professor Ben Morris' statement about teachers in training, that they 'are generally well-equipped with examination knowledge and as a consequence severely verbally biased. For that very reason their deepest need . . . is for opportunity to cultivate the underdeveloped aspects of their personalities through practical and creative activities'. (The current plays in the pursuit of 'wholeness' are 'mental health' and 'personality development'.)

In the second place, 'progressives' often conceive of fields of study in a way different from that of the 'formalist'. The former either urge the need for 'integration' and deprecate subject-divisions as 'artificial' or look to the strictly pragmatic aspects of the 'subject'. Consider the implications of Dewey's deprecatory ' . . . if geography and history are taught as ready-made studies which a person studies simply because he is sent to school, it easily happens that a large number of statements about things remote and alien to everyday experience are learned'.

Thus in both cases a difference of aim is involved, though in the second case the difference is more local than in the first. These differences are important; for instance, they may, to some extent, account for the difference in academic attainment between pupils who attend the more 'formal' English grammar school and those who attend the more 'socially-centred' American high school. Thus insight into the nature of aims is of great importance. I found

Mr. Peters' talk stimulating and I hope I have not misinterpreted him; but though I fully sympathised with him in his strictures on the vapidness of much talk about aims, I got the impression that he was talking about the whole business rather from the outside and without an intimate knowledge of current dilemmas. And often I felt that he was concerned to recommend those procedures he favours rather than to analyse a situation.—Yours, etc.

Leicester

G. H. BANTOCK

Sir,—Mr. Richard Peters, in his talk on 'Training Intellect and Character', said much that is helpful and wise, but his thesis would perhaps have gained in clarity if he had chosen a more direct mode of expression.

I suggest that a person of character is simply an individual who has well-established self-confidence and self-respect. These two attributes depend on self-acceptance and the effective development and organisation of personal potentialities, physical, intellectual, emotional, social and spiritual. A strong character, in brief, is an individual whose personal energies have become focused in the service of personally selected aims; a weak character is a person whose energies are dissipated, disorganised, and confused.

How are we to help a child to acquire strength of character? Obviously, as Richard Peters points out, the manner of teaching and the example of the teacher are extremely important. But, I suggest, these alone are not sufficient. Ultimate integrity of character requires wholeness of experience at each stage of growth. Thus, the best guarantee of producing a six-year-old with all the marks of developing character about him is that this particular six-year-old shall have lived abundantly as his five-year-old self. And so on until maturity is reached. Perhaps the most pertinent educational question of the moment is whether the system as at present devised helps or impedes the development of personal wholeness at every stage of growth.—Yours, etc.,

Teddington

JAMES HEMMING

The Church and England

Sir,—Although it may appear premature and unreasonable not to wait until the series of five talks has been finished, nevertheless I venture to express the hope that they will give adequate attention to the crucial issue of theological doctrine as a far more serious deterrent to Church membership than that of ecclesiastical structure and government—important as that may be. Certainly, I am quite sure that the talks will prove very helpful in defining the nature of 'The Church', in view of the existence of other bodies apart from the Church of England.

Despite Mr. McCulloch's contention that there are signs of ' . . . an increasingly felt need of a Church in the nation', I wonder if he appreciates the evidence that this is more than counterbalanced by a deep-seated scepticism among those outside the Church, a scepticism fortified by the assumption that at least some of its members may be guilty of intellectual duplicity.

It is, of course, impossible to calculate the percentage of Anglican worshippers who truly believe what they recite in regard to official doctrine. Yet apart from those who repeat ancient formulae automatically until it almost resembles an incantation, surely there must be an intelligent proportion who only find refuge from

a sense of gross mental dishonesty by clinging to symbolic interpretations of spiritual content behind archaic phraseology. Beyond these are men and women who simply cannot subscribe to what they believe to be false or unworthy remnants of the past.

May I submit, therefore, that there should be reflections on these points:

(1) That the Church should openly state that the Creative Life of God is not confined to ecclesiastical channels, but has flowed and is likely to flow as freely through heretical, humanist, and irregular channels. (Proof lies in the fields of science and social morality.)

(2) That there should be frank and honest revision of not only effete phraseology, but also of equally outworn mental concepts.

(3) That in view of the impossibility of assessing spiritual realities by means of intellectual tests, membership should be open to all those who, whatever be their personal theological creed, express a sincere desire for membership. (Admittedly, there are great difficulties in this, yet hardly more than reliance on verbal acceptance of elaborate doctrinal statements by those who either cannot comprehend their meaning or who give an evasive 'general assent'. As it is now, both a human pump and a sufficiently flexible mental gymnast can be and are accepted into Holy Church while the intellectually sensitive are barred. If belief in eternal damnation is now no longer essential, why not extend the belated concession more thoroughly?)

I anticipate hopefully a sympathetic reaction to the propositions I have advanced tentatively on behalf of multitudes who need and potentially desire the fellowship of a Living Church in England.—Yours, etc.,

House of Commons,
London, S.W.1

R. W. SORESENSEN

The Moscow Art Theatre

Sir,—I am grateful to Mr. Nicolas Nabokov for explaining in his talk on the Moscow Art Theatre (*THE LISTENER*, June 5) what was amiss in the productions of Chekhov it brought to London. The interpretation of 'The Three Sisters', fascinating though it was, left me with a feeling of disappointment; which I attributed at the time to my ignorance of Russian. Mr. Nabokov persuades me that another and subtler reason for it was the 'strained optimism, uncurbed by irony or true despair or by both' which he sensed in all three productions.

Can it be that the present generation of Russian actors, bedazzled by the post-Revolutionary dawn, find it difficult to enter into the thoughts and emotions of people who lived in the pre-Revolutionary sunset? We have often been told that English actors and producers misrepresent Chekhov. Is it possible that in our day they are better fitted than Chekhov's own countrymen to interpret his courageous despair?

Yours, etc.,

Sevenoaks

CAMPBELL NAIRNE

Pronouncing Italian

Sir,—In his criticism of the Italian pronunciation of B.B.C. announcers, Mr. George Richards (in *THE LISTENER* of June 12) unintentionally shows up their Spanish. The song title which he has heard as the Italian 'Che sará, sará' should, of course, be the Spanish 'Que será, será'.—Yours, etc.,

St. Margaret's on Thames BRIAN LOCKETT

Art

William Etty: the Talented Academician

By QUENTIN BELL

NO painter seems to offer brighter opportunities than William Etty for that fascinating school of criticism in which a man's works are approached through the study of his unconscious self. If we may invite Leonardo to the analyst's couch and there disengage the layers of conscious and unconscious thought that lie within him how much more easily may we probe the simple psyche of Etty? Living an almost ascetic life, worthy, religious, chaste, unmarried and respectable, he flings his erotic imaginings upon the canvas and presents them, abundant, luscious, provocative and bare, to an embarrassed posterity. Never has the private world of the thwarted male been so shamelessly exposed to view. From the point of view of the psychiatric critic he is, one would suppose, a sitting duck.

Mr. Farr* does not shoot. He is an admirably sober historian; he relates, illustrates, compares, explains, and catalogues with an industrious care that makes it obvious enough that here we have the authority on Etty. Nothing that can be known of the painter's uneventful life seems to have escaped him. This is in fact the work of a scholar so thoroughly conscientious that he disdains even to turn a fine phrase for fear that, in so doing, he may suggest an inexactitude. Not for him any risky plunge into the libido, nor even, despite some excellent pages of criticism and assessment, any real attempt to explain why, in the case of Etty, as in so many others, we have come near to, but have nevertheless somehow failed in, producing a great painter in the grand manner.

For Etty, though talented, was certainly not great. Of his talent there can be no doubt; one has only to compare his canvases with those of his immediate rivals—poor Haydon's stunted heroics or the tight, dry medievalism of William Dyce—to see how fluent, how painterly he was, and how greatly his colour—despite a certain coarseness of feeling—excelled that of his English contemporaries (I am not, of course, thinking of the landscape painters).

It is no doubt because of his colour that he has been likened to Delacroix, and this, as Mr. Farr points out, is a mistake. Compare 'The Destroying Angel and the Daemons of Evil, interrupting the orgies of the Vicious and Intemperate' with 'La Mort de Sardanapale'. In the fantastic jumble of horses, jewellery, furniture, and nudes which Delacroix has thrown pell mell into his picture, there is hardly a pose which is not astonishing, and there are many that are downright improbable; the



'The Combat: Woman Pleading for the Vanquished, an Ideal Group', by William Etty

insurrection of forms is contained only by the authority of Delacroix's colour and by his overwhelming intensity of emotion. In the Etty, on the other hand, everything is as predictable as in a Poussin. The young ladies, whose diver-



'Le Calvaire', by Eugène Delacroix

sions have been so rudely interrupted, are being dragged violently from the scene of their pleasures, but not one of them has so far forgotten herself as to break the main lines of the composition or to fall into an ungraceful posture. Or again, to employ a less harsh comparison, put 'The Combat: Woman pleading for the Vanquished, an Ideal Group' beside 'Le Calvaire' and you may see how linear and how much more tightly organised a good Etty can be than is a relatively poor Delacroix. The two painters were utterly different in their intentions, their virtues and their faults. In fact, despite his colour, Etty has more in common with Proudhon or the school of David than with Delacroix. His chosen vehicle was the academic machine or, as Mr. Farr puts it, 'he could never shake himself quite free from an outmoded classicism'.

Etty once said that 'the first determination of his mind to art arose from seeing and contemplating the casts kept for sale in a modeller's shop'. The story may be untrue but it is appropriate.

The traditional framework supplied him with the opportunities he needed; for him as for Haydon the study of the nude was the essential thing for a painter; but unlike Haydon he found that study not intellectually, but emotionally, congenial and despite all his talent for portraiture, history painting remained his grand object.

The same might be said of Ingres; but for a compatriot of Poussin and a pupil of David the academic idea was meaningful as it could not be for the son of a Yorkshire tradesman. In France the model and the antique represented an idea which had been transplanted from Italy and had flourished both as an expression of absolutism and of republican virtue. Etty, profoundly bourgeois in thought and temperament, seeking only a 'modest competence', could find in it no more than a pretext. For him it was neither an engine of revolution nor a part of the aristocratic system, it was simply something which, through custom, had become respectable, and so he brought to his idylls and ravishments the comfortable sentimentality of a fashionable genre painter. He was perhaps the first and the best of that tribe of salon history painters which flourished in nineteenth-century England when a new commercial clientele began to demand 'high art', and which flourished also in France; it was a race that inhabited the empty husk of the school of Ingres, converted the classical 'history' into a kind of privileged leg show and made of the word 'academic' a term of abuse.

* William Etty. By Denis Farr. Routledge and Kegan Paul, English Master Painters Series. £3 10s.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Granite and Rainbow. By Virginia Woolf. Hogarth Press. 18s.

'WOMEN AUTHORS', said Chekhov in a letter in 1899, 'should write a great deal, if they want to master the art; just take these Englishwomen as an example. What marvellous workers! ' Virginia Woolf was a marvellous worker. There have been three posthumous volumes of her essays, and here is a fourth: scrapings, it might unkindly be supposed, from the bottom of the barrel. If this were true, it might be held that she was so interesting a writer that even her odds and ends are worth collecting. The fact is that she wrote copiously and did not always keep copies of what she had published or even records of publication, so that it was possible for the very existence of an essay fifty pages long to be quite forgotten. This essay, 'Phases of Fiction', published in the *Bookman* in 1929, is the longest in this new and presumably final collection, which owes its existence to the keen researches of two American scholars.

The pieces have been grouped under two headings, 'The Art of Fiction' and 'The Art of Biography'. It could be said that for Virginia Woolf both were closely related. In her own way she pursued with concentration the truth about people, bringing to her novels her acute interest in biography, and to her biographical essays so much of her curiosity as a novelist that the essays may seem more warm with human interest than the novels. It must be said that many of the pieces in this book are no more than resurrected reviews—but as they are by Mrs. Woolf they were worth resurrecting. Mrs. Woolf on Hemingway (1927) is, for example, an unexpected pleasure, and remarkably right in what is noticed for praise or otherwise: he was 'highly skilled' and had moments of brilliance and beauty, but even then his 'self-conscious virility' was irksome; and his characters, half the time, were 'saying what the author could say much more economically for them'. Of all the novelists whose names occur in these pages there is one for whom she had a strong personal predilection and with whom she perhaps felt an affinity, and that is Laurence Sterne.

Sterne is the subject of a couple of revealing pages in the long 'Phases of Fiction'. In no other book, she felt, were the writer and reader so involved together as in *Tristram Shandy*. 'We live', she wrote, 'in the humours, contortions, and oddities of the spirit, not in the slow unrolling of the long length of life'; it was Sterne's own mind that fascinated him and that coloured and shaped his book, so that (in her view) the beauty of his style enabled the reader to 'pass beyond the range of personality' into a world above the world of fiction. Surely there is a strong indication here of her own aims; whether it is proper for fiction to exceed 'the range of personality' is a matter of opinion or a matter of taste. But in an early essay on Sterne (1909) she ends with a sentence that seems, nearly fifty years later, perfectly applicable to herself: 'His fame depends partly upon that inimitable style, but rests most safely upon the extraordinary zest with which he lived, and upon the joy with which his mind worked ceaselessly upon the

world'. Though some of these essays are slight, they too are the work of a zestful sensibility and a mind never flagging in its curiosity.

The Morea. By Robert Liddell.

Cape. 25s.

Mr. Liddell's *The Morea*, like his *Aegean Greece*, will assuredly become a minor classic of Mediterranean travel. It is improbable that it will be read by many people at one and the same time; but year after year its erudition and limpid grace should continue to attract a few devoted readers. It cannot with real justice be described as a guide-book, for no guide-book since E. M. Forster's *Alexandria* has been put together with so much artistry. Nor can it truthfully be described as a travel-book; for though it is personal, in as much as it is permeated by the curious personality of the author, it is sparing of the anecdotes—comic, dramatic and often, one suspects, fictional—which attract the public to this genre. The publishers compromise by calling it a hand-book.

For those who have not visited the Peloponnese and who know little of the byways of Greek history, *The Morea*, like the country it describes, will have its prickly and dusty stretches. Mr. Liddell has read an immense amount about Greece and is not afraid to show his reading, fitting together quotations to make up an elaborate mosaic the pattern of which can often only be followed with effort. His treatment of landscape is Pre-Raphaelite rather than impressionistic; and here too an accumulation of small details may weary the eye. Does he care greatly about the people among whom he travels? More perhaps than his reticence allows him to show. It is odd that a novelist should appear to be so much more concerned with scenery and history than with human beings; and even odder when the novelist is travelling among the most delightful, if also the most exasperating, people of Europe.

Yet the book has many observations about the Greek character which must be based on the knowledge that comes from affection and intimacy as well as from an outraged fastidiousness. Mr. Liddell's comments on the wonderful Greek virtue of forgiveness; or on the absurdity of the Philhellenes who 'play at being Greek farmers and boatmen'; or on the difficulty of returning Greek hospitality: such things have been thought and even said often enough by others, but rarely with such precision and style.

Readers of *Aegean Greece* will not be surprised by the obsessive preoccupation with the nastiness of Greek food. 'Gristly horror', 'ammoniac stench', 'greasy remnants scraped out of pots'—the phrases will have a familiar ring and may even elicit the protest that surely it is not as bad as all that. Fortunately, since on this occasion most of Mr. Liddell's travelling was by land, there are only two of the equally stomach-turning descriptions of Greeks being sick. Both books fail—or, it would be fairer perhaps to say, do not attempt—to transmit any of the heedless, extravagant pleasure which Greece induces; the colours of both even seem on occasion to be veiled by a mist of half-stifled melancholy. Both have the same distinction, of

thought and phrase, with the same odd troughs when the style suddenly takes on the texture of much-chewed string.

It is to be hoped that the success of these two volumes will encourage Mr. Liddell to add to the series until he has embraced every corner of Greece and every aspect of Greek life. His achievement will be unique.

The Angry Decade. A Survey of the Cultural Revolt of the Nineteen Fifties. By Kenneth Allsop.

Peter Owen. 21s.

According to Mr. Allsop's researches, the baleful phrase appeared in 1951 as the title to a novel by Leslie Paul, *Angry Young Man*. Its modishness dates from the spring of 1956, when to the consternation of the critics who had almost unanimously disparaged it (Mr. Allsop neglects some pleasant opportunities for nose-rubbing), it appeared that John Osborne had written the manifesto of his generation. From Jimmy Porter, the name extended retrospectively to the provincial malcontents of Kingsley Amis and John Wain; from them, by spirals of journalistic imprecision, to their creators; and from them, idiotically, to almost anyone under forty with a pen. One classification bizarrely tucked up together the neo-Nietzschean oracles of Colin Wilson, the bright parochial eye of John Braine, the bacchic incendiarism of J. P. Donleavy. The *clichés* victims made some attempts to discriminate themselves, in the volume called *Declaration* and other public places. But by then the Fleet was in irrepressible summer spate. Even the women's magazines published guides to Young Anger.

Mr. Allsop attempts little more. However, it is welcome to find recognition that the phrase describes a real phenomenon. Though frayed by handling, it states an undeniable and intriguing fact: we have acquired a literature of aggression. What Freud was to the writers between the wars, Melanie Klein, it seems, has become today. Amis, Osborne, and Wilson may have nothing else in common, but they share this concern: to describe, express, or theorise aggressions. One result has been to give us once more a social literature. Freud limited as well as liberated the arts, for sexuality is a personal matter. Aggression can make the world its cockpit.

Why aggression? Well, if we need a fresher, more analytic name than anger, we might do worse than borrow from Mao Tse-tung. In his famous speech exhorting a hundred flowers to bloom together, the Chinese leader coined the phrase Ch'eng Feng. Even in a state which has laid the foundations of socialism, he admitted, there remain 'contradictions'. There remain, to anglicise, the people who say napkin and the people who say pardon, the people who drink beer and the people who read wine supplements. And there are those who know this, and those who made them aware. As Mao said, these are not political frictions. They need indicate no deep political schisms. But they exist, and fester unless aired. Therefore a revolution should pause to ventilate the bottled-up resentments of a nation which has changed its path, but not yet

HAN SUIYIN THE MOUNTAIN IS YOUNG

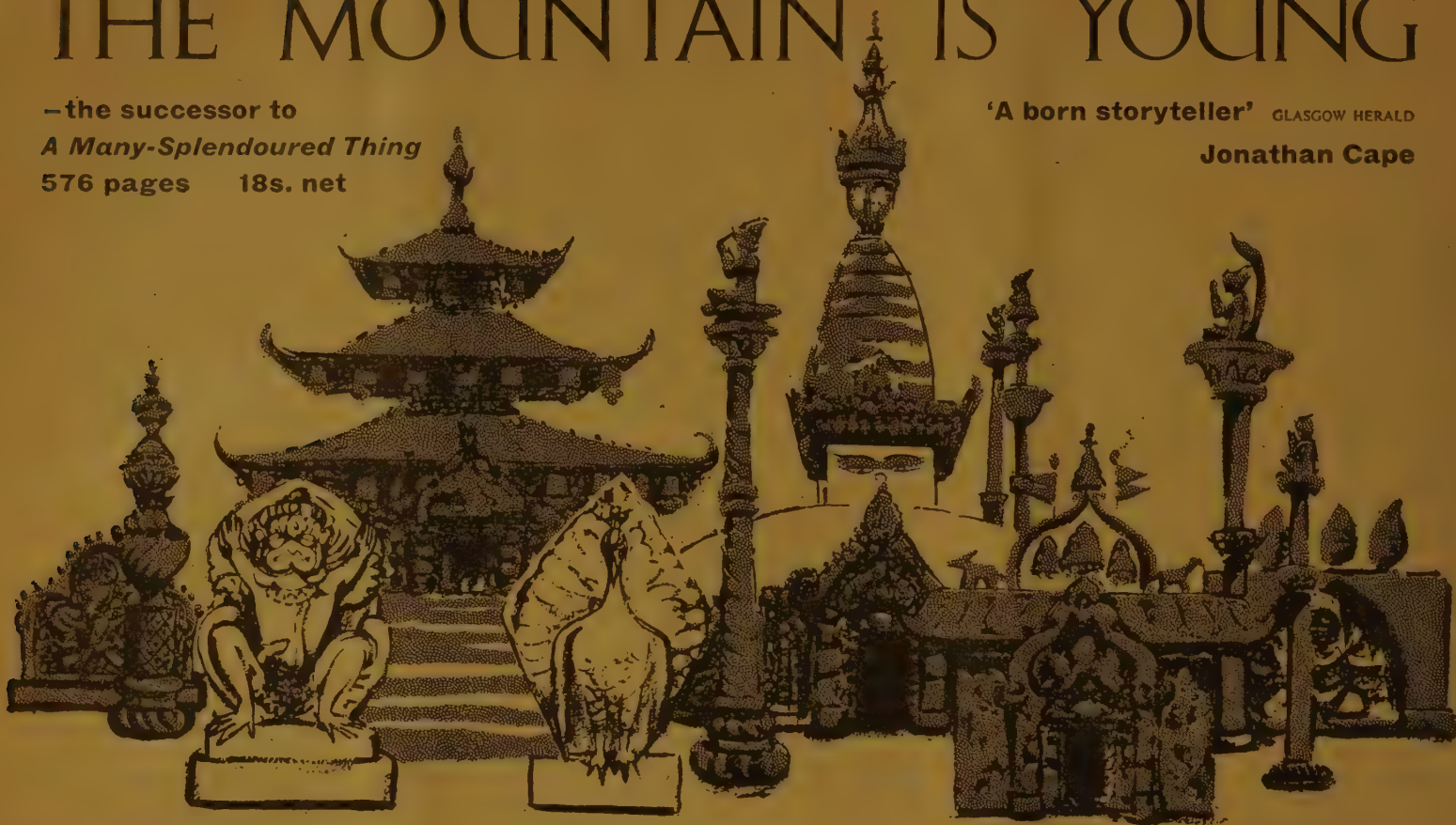
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human nature. Expression will clear the air—therefore Ch'eng Feng, the New Wind.

China's mutual criticism campaign uncorked a hurricane, hastily rebottled. But our New Wind has been what Mao foretold: a loud, innocuous storm of home truths. Our battles of rebel and ancestor bear only a vestigial relation to class war. They are dead political issues, rethatched on the marginal fields of culture and manners. We can see now how much ground the antagonists hold in common. They share, for one, the Eden-myth of Great Edward's peace: while duchesses waltzed and drank champagne, the workers ate oysters and sang. 'The Entertainer' and Coward's 'Cavalcade' are siblings under the skin, John Braine's young climber mourns the innocence of Arnold Bennett's Card. They share the sense that something drained out of European life into the Somme—was it the conviction?—and look for new, non-imperial importances. Mr. Allsop might have studied further here the influence of that mythopoeic horn-book, Richard Hoggart's *Uses of Illiteracy*. In it can be traced the derivation from this myth of that other popular superstition, shared equally by Angry Young Men and readers of the *Daily Telegraph*: Admass, the triumph of the machine, the belief that the eater of tinned foods damages his soul. Oddly, these intelligent and individual products of mass education believe that mass production and mass journalism starve personality, in some way that poverty and ignorance did not.

To punish their illogic, meanwhile, mass journalism sacrifices them on the altars of their own cult—for who worships personality more savagely than Fleet Street? At moments, Mr. Allsop seems to intend a study of the effects on a young writer of this extraordinary modern ordeal by publicity. Unfortunately, his scamped judgements and strident, disc-jockey prose make it difficult to regard his book as anything but another contribution to it.

The Thrones of Earth and Heaven.

Photographs by Roloff Beny.

Thames and Hudson. £4 4s.

Of late years a high standard for illustrated books has been established: for instance by the Phaidon *Art of India* and by Dmitri's magnificent photographs in Lord Kinross' *Portrait of Greece*. *The Thrones of Earth and Heaven* fails to reach that standard. It is an ambitious production which attempts to give an imaginative impression of the entire Mediterranean through the lens of a young Canadian photographer. Five zones are demarcated—the Eastern, the Egyptian, the Barbary coast, the Western, the Aegean and Adriatic—and Mr. Roloff Beny then gets to work upon them.

Unfortunately he is not equal to the task. As long as he is content to photograph simply (e.g. the Three Graces at Cyrene) the result is pleasing; but he is possessed by a temperament which he indulges uncritically. The camera has to be skewed, focuses blurred, effects falsified, columns cock-eyed, statues bisected, pavements tilted, skies super-blackened, rubble presented pretentiously, contrasts emphasised meaninglessly. The book cannot be called expensive in view of its size, but it cannot be commended.

Mr. Beny also contributes an excited introduction, written with a naivety, good temper, and high spirits that are certainly disarming. He

is delighted with his own origins and development, his cameras, his travels, the objects he has encountered in them, the celebrities to whom he has been introduced and the good addresses where many of them live. Further reading matter is contributed by some well-known contemporary writers. Two of them—Miss Freya Stark and Dame Rose Macaulay—provide interesting and authoritative introductions to the eastern and western zones respectively; the others impart little that is relevant. Nor is the scholarship reassuring: the arch at St. Rémy de Provence is ascribed to the 'last year of Caesar's reign'. Nor does the geography fail to startle: since when did Notre Dame belong to the civilisation of the Midi?

These strictures may seem excessive for a book that means well and hopes to give pleasure, but its publishers have a deservedly high reputation, and one has the right to expect from them a more sensitive Mediterranean than this and a less snobby one.

Birds of the British Isles. Vol. VII.

By David A. Bannerman.

Oliver and Boyd. 63s.

In this seventh volume of his splendid work Dr. Bannerman deals with both the surface-feeding ducks, or 'dabbling' ducks as some like to call them, and with the diving ducks—thirty-two species in all. These follow on from the swans, geese, and shelducks described in the second half of the sixth volume, and complete the family *Anatidae*. As in previous volumes, Dr. Bannerman devotes a lengthy essay to every species except the very rare ones, and concentrates particularly upon geographical distribution and the habits of the birds. This emphasis on the birds as living animals is particularly suited to Dr. Bannerman's style, and the generous space at his disposal enables him to discuss the observations of other ornithologists as well as his own in a comprehensive and unhurried manner that makes his volumes absorbing reading for the naturalist besides being authoritative works of reference. An especially valuable feature is the full treatment given to the biology of each species in those parts of its range that lie outside the British Isles, so that we get a comprehensive view of all that is known about it.

A striking fact impresses the reader of this volume—nearly every species of duck is increasing in abundance in this country, or has increased during the last century. Several which were not known to breed with us, or which were extremely rare as breeders a hundred years ago, are now well established and common in many places, and some of them are still extending their range. Many reasons for this increase have been put forward, but none of them seems wholly satisfactory. The explanation probably lies in a combination of causes such as better protection in the nesting season, the enforcement of close seasons, changes in and disturbances of the Continental breeding-grounds of some species owing to modern exploitation and development of the arctic and subarctic, and perhaps, for some species, the closing of commercial decoys.

Dr. Bannerman's text, which is of the very highest order, is appropriately embellished with beautiful coloured plates from drawings by the late George Lodge, whose pre-eminence as a bird artist is well known to all naturalists; all species, except three great rarities, are depicted.

Dr. Bannerman's industry and energy in the pursuit of ornithology are astonishing; he remarks in his preface that in the preparation of this volume 'my wife has aided me even more than ever, and as we have jointly completed another work, *The Birds of Cyprus*, our days have not been idle'!

Pageant of Ghana. By Freda Wolfson. Oxford. 30s.

The Akan of Ghana

By Eva L. R. Meyerowitz. Faber. 45s.

It was an excellent idea to put together an anthology of eye-witness accounts of happenings on the Gold Coast of Guinea from almost the earliest days of European contact (the first document here refers to the Portuguese discovery of Elmina in 1471) down to the beginning of modern Ghana on March 6, 1957. As so often with anthologies of this kind, it is the earliest entries which catch the eye most successfully: prefabricated Portuguese castles, local dignitaries truly worthy of that appellation, trade in gold dust and black ivory—here they all are. Selection obviously became more difficult as the centuries went by, and though Miss Wolfson is careful to explain her omissions, one could still have hoped for some description and discussion of the changes in local and central government which have been the outstanding historical events of the last fifty years. Perhaps it is unfair to ask too much of a 'pageant'; if there is here no rounded presentation of Coast society, at least there is a most lively procession. But was there really no room for a full account of the Golden Stool? Or anything at all from the ebullient Ghanaian press?

One writer whom Miss Wolfson also omits is Mrs. Meyerowitz, whose long labour of love has just issued in the final volume of her trilogy on Akan culture. It is difficult to know what to say of Mrs. Meyerowitz' work. Her deep and obviously genuine feeling for Akan traditions and admiration for Akan culture and beliefs won her unrivalled and unrepeatable opportunities for recording information. Where she reports the objects and ceremonies she has seen or had described to her, where she puts down the traditions as they were told to her, in her excellent photography and elegant line drawings, in her attitude and approach to all things Akan, she is beyond praise.

But her attitude to historical and sociological scholarship, and her approach to the wider public for whom presumably she has written are another matter. The object of the work, even of each stage, each chapter, is never clear. If, as one divines, it was simply to put Akan civilisation—the culture of the matrilineal peoples of what are now the central and coastal parts of Ghana and neighbouring French territory—on the map, she would have succeeded better had she paid more attention to the ordinary rules of this kind of map making. Detailed early dating without evidence, circumstantial argument about the derivations of words after the manner of traditional Chinese scholars discussing the origins of 'barbarian tribes', plausible but unsupported parallel drawings (Carthage, it appears, had a matrilineal system, too), complete failure to appreciate at all the modern social scientists' approach to mythology, all this, together with the inextricable mixing-up of Mrs. Meyerowitz'

theories with her informants' reports, makes one despair. Miss Wolfson gives the written documentation of eye-witnesses and virtually no commentary; Mrs. Meyerowitz gives endless commentary and virtually no documentation. Would it have helped if they had got together at some stage?

Collected Poems and Epigrams

By George Rostrevor Hamilton.

Heinemann. 21s.

The Guinness Book of Poetry.

Putnam. 10s. 6d.

If one says that the work of Sir George Rostrevor Hamilton does not belong to the twentieth century, the statement must not be taken literally. The poems cover the years 1918-58. One might back-date them in style perhaps by ten years but the development they show over forty years is a slow and individual development, what one might call a *colonial* development. The word is not used as a criticism but simply as expressing an aloofness, or distance. Hamilton has not been unaware of what has been going on, as his critical work, particularly *The Definite Article*, shows. But it is as if the annual mail deposited, say, a Hopkins, an Eliot, an Auden, and that there was infinite time, on the island, to read these, digest them, and carry on as before. (Sir George admits to having been a civil servant.) But, 'as before', what does that mean? In Sir George's case it means a sober calculated style which prefers formal metres (often of his own invention) and formal but not pedantic language.

The poems are always careful, well-wrought, and spring out of some clearly serious impulse. They seldom catch fire, but if one tried to burn them they would neither shrivel nor become distorted; and Sir George is the best, if not the only, living epigrammatist. He would undoubtedly prefer his poems to survive rather than his epigrams, but were he to live to see the latter immortality, there is little doubt that he would write a brilliant epigram upon the event—and of whom else could this be said? He has not got what Edward Thomas called the 'felicity of as it were God-given inevitable words'. One is more apt to remember poems as a whole—they have the great merit that they *are* whole. The body of his work is lyric, or lyric-contemplative, but there is a strain also of the dramatic, and the macabre. It is sad that for reasons of space he has left out *John Lord*, the satirist who was born 'mouthing the mustard-spoon of scorn', but even without him there are, or should be, scores of readers who will rejoice in the *Epigrams*. These are brilliant and unique in our time. Others have written fine epigrams—who remembers Humbert Wolfe's?—but no one has the sure classic-and-acid of Hamilton.

Since manners make the man, why then
You are the very best of men,
And since this proves you are the best,
Come, we must use some other test.

In all, this volume is a genuine and durable collection of real poetry. Sir George is a kind of latter-day Matthew Arnold, and though one may not always approve of his critical opinions or be moved by his poetry, there is no escaping the fact that there they are, and that anybody who prefers poetry to publicity, either as poet or critic, ought to read him; and not as a penance either.

The real worth of a Hamilton can be more readily assessed by setting his work against such a collection as *The Guinness Book of Poetry*, by the publication of which Lord Moyne hopes that 'we may have produced an elixir to charm away something of the over-specialisation which bedevils our age'. Guinness may indeed be good for you; it has given awards to Messrs. Day Lewis, Watkins, Fuller, and Kendon; and at Cheltenham it has bestowed prizes upon Messrs. Dehn, Stow, and Whistler. That is all very fine and largesse. But now here is a book, a sort of minor P.E.N. anthology of a year's poems, another piece of that kind of superficially do-good book-making which we could well do without. What patrons of poetry need is not to cultivate a taste for sixty-five sips of poems *already published once*, some already in books as well, but to help one or two poets they actually like *themselves*—not on Mr. Church's or Mr. Hayward's recommendation—to go on living. The money spent on the production of this unnecessary book would have far better been spent on one or two poets—even if it was only to keep them in drink.

Europe: the Emergence of an Idea

By Denys Hay.

Edinburgh University Press. 12s. 6d.

Do not be put off this book by the fact that it is written by a Professor of Medieval History, has many footnotes—some in Latin—and appears as No. 7 in the history, philosophy, and economics section of the publications of Edinburgh University. It deals with an absorbing subject, and does so in a way which is sure to fascinate the general reader as well as to interest the scholar.

The subject is the gradual emergence, between the later Middle Ages and the seventeenth century, of a consciousness of Europe as being something more than a mere geographical expression. The task of tracing and explaining this process takes the author back to the Greeks, who used the word Europe in only a mythical and geographical sense, and to the Romans, whose Empire was both supracontinental and inclusive of parts only of each of the continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa. He shows how, when this last fact had prevented the term from acquiring any emotional content, as it might have done from the rough association that was made between the continents and the inheritances of the three sons of Noah, the Latin Church and the Papacy slowly developed the notion that the division of the world was between the Christians and the rest. Under the Moslem threat between the seventh and the tenth centuries this notion tended to produce a rough equation between *Christianitas* and Europe. But, on account of the rise of papal power and of the universal mission of Christianity, that specifically territorial view of Christendom was avoided which might, once again, have given to Europe more than a geographical significance. The idea of Christendom prevailed over the idea of Europe until well into the thirteenth century. At last, between the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries, those forces set in which first equated Christendom and Europe and then replaced the former notion by the latter.

The equation was quickly achieved. It had perhaps been in the air much longer than Professor Hay allows for: the previous infrequent use of the word Europe is just as likely to be evidence that two words were not needed as it

is to be evidence that the equation was not made. The process of replacement was not completed until the eighteenth century, when the Treaty of Utrecht could still refer to the *Respublica Christiana*. It was a most complicated process. In the course of unravelling it Professor Hay might perhaps have emphasised more than he does the fact that the forces which were producing the emergence of Europe were at the same time increasing the divisions of Europe.

Such questions of emphasis and interpretation, however, are no reflection on the value and interest of this analysis. It has involved the author in what has been called 'historical semantics', the attempt to catch the subtle changes in the sense in which the word 'Europe' was used at different times, and in other technical investigations such as the history of geography and maps. It also requires a firm grasp and a clear statement of what might be called the broad sweep of Europe's history and of the development of Europe's relations with the rest of the world. It is not easy to combine the general with the particular, the over-all view with the academic enquiry, in such a way that they illuminate each other. But here Professor Hay has done it most successfully.

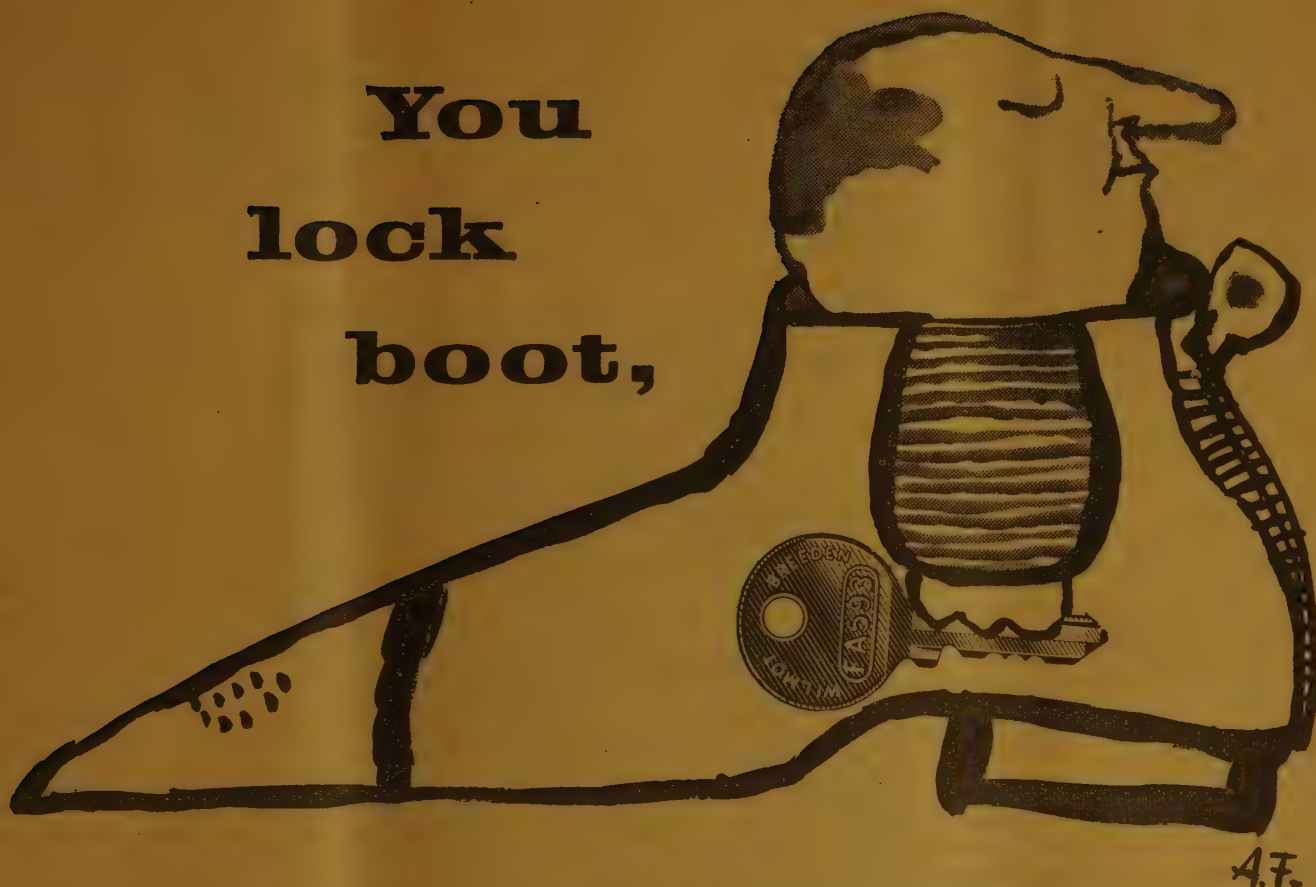
The Russians in Ethiopia: an Essay in Futility. By Czeslaw Jęśman.

Chatto and Windus. 25s.

Mr. Jęśman in a short but unusual book describes successive Russian expeditions sent to Ethiopia in the last years of the nineteenth century, from that of the Cossack *ataman* Ashinov in 1888-1889 to that of Leontiev, a reserve officer of the Imperial Army, in 1897; and supplies a background both European and Ethiopian to these long-forgotten events. To this task he has devoted considerable research and travel, and has derived his materials from works in half-a-dozen languages, notably including Russian. He is therefore extremely well equipped for the task which he set himself—and which would appeal to few historians.

Ethiopia nowadays, in spite of its claims to interest and sympathy, commands little attention from the general public (in contrast to the years 1934-36 and 1940-41); and much of the contents of Mr. Jęśman's book is admittedly fairly small beer *per se*. Nevertheless, he has succeeded in producing a study which few who open it will fail to finish. The episodes he describes, in a simple readable style not devoid of some curious expressions, are sometimes highly picturesque and the characters who participate in them are clearly sketched. Nicholas Stepanovitch Leontiev with his aristocratic background, striking physique, complete lack of scruple, charm and social gifts, and high preferment in Ethiopia, was the very type of eccentric, adventurous Russian aristocrat of the period. At the same time a sufficiency of Ethiopian history—political, social and ecclesiastical—is sketched in to afford a background to these ill co-ordinated, unpressed and totally unsuccessful Russian attempts at penetration of the country. Their repercussions in Europe led to exchanges between diplomats of Russia, Italy, France, and Great Britain. The whole attempt, such as it was, came to nothing and Mr. Jęśman's appendix sketches the personalities of such Russian travellers and 'displaced persons' as survived, diminishingly, into the Ethiopia of the twentieth century.

**You
lock
boot,**



hop into driving seat, self-starter, goodbye wife,
and off. All well.

*What if boot wouldn't lock properly? All not well.
Niggling doubt. Somebody pinch golf clubs . . .*

*Blasted boot can't trust with golf bag? What use car with boot
like that? Liability. Get rid of. Discard. Do without. Walk.
Healthy? Bus queues. Drizzle. Miss appointments.
Lose hope. Lose wife. All up.*

Ah! but Wilmot Breedon made boot-lock! Made boot lock.
Sound design, infinite patience, metallurgy,
research, brutal testing, photo-micro-scrutineering.
Safe now. For ever.

Not only boot-lock. Door locks, door handles, window-winders,
bumpers rear, bumpers fore, ignition key, steering wheel, likely.
*Virtually every British car roads today carries some components
Wilmot Breedon. Reason why. Hurray.*

WILMOT BREEDEN are at Birmingham: also at London, Manchester, Bridgwater, Glasgow, Melbourne, Toronto.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Venice Observed

MOST CITIES are proud to be televised; the mayor or burgomaster turns out with the local band; the cameras are mobbed by people waving inanely into them; interviewers and technicians are greeted jubilantly like members of an army of liberation; the police clear a space for the oldest inhabitant to come forward and go garrulously on about the changes that have occurred in his lifetime; celebrities for miles around have long before been alerted and are ready to receive 4,000,000 or so disembodied guests into their homes; not merely the traffic but time itself has a stop during the great day of transmission.

But it was hardly to be expected that Venice, of all places, would react in this gushing manner to a few more sightseers from Britain, and on Friday she received the whole 'Tonight' team, which had enterprisingly (and rather agreeably for them) arranged to do the programme from the Piazza San Marco via the Eurovision link, with a delicious indifference. Cliff Michelmores sat slumped at a *café* table with a beer in one hand and grabbing a gondola full of chocolates in the other, giving a highly convincing imitation of the average Briton abroad; Noel Harrison played his guitar against a background of languid, seated lovelies from many nations, Geoffrey Johnson Smith quizzed a gaggle of tourists, getting the lowdown on prices and eliciting such comments as, 'I *love* Venice'; Alan Whicker whicked down a few canals pointing out the decline of the gondola as a way of getting about; Slim Hewitt gave a facetious Cockney commentary on some fine filming of the pigeons.

We returned later in the evening for a floodlit view of St. Mark's which was worth waiting for; by then, the producer had managed to round up one or two Venetians, a gondolier and his wife who burst into song, and the proprietor of Harry's Bar (whose name I didn't quite catch, but it wasn't Harry) who divulged the names of his more famous clients and why his price list was so high: 'to keep out the wrong people'. The film star in residence



Mr. Graham Sutherland being interviewed in the Piazza San Marco, Venice, during 'Tonight' on June 13



'Portraits of Power—Mao Tse-tung' on June 13: Chinese in Peking saluting the arrival of the Chinese Communist forces

(Martine Carol) unfortunately could not appear, but a charming interview with Graham Sutherland to some extent compensated for the disappointment. Of previous visitors Henry James was gratefully quoted when he declared of Venice that 'originality of attitude is impossible,' and apart from some amusing miss-cues technically the picture

was perfect, the piazza almost palpable, the *genius loci* surreptitiously seeping through.

Indeed we have been around the world in these past eight days: 'Panorama' provided a total contrast in its remarkably well executed survey of British Columbia, conducted by Christopher Chataway. This province contains a 'tea and crumpet belt' where the antique is to be found, but carefully reconstructed by someone with a shrewd eye for warming-pans who has built a highly profitable Elizabethan tavern and plans to start work soon re-creating Anne Hathaway's Cottage.

Mainly, though, this report took us to a city only three and a half years old, Kitimat, which has been carved out of forest and is the product not of canals and merchants, but of hydro-electric power and the aluminium industry. Mr. Chataway caught its cosmopolitan inhabitants at a time when they were just beginning to feel the cold wind of recession, even so they seemed a good deal less worried about prices than the Britons in Venice. They were enjoying an abundance of cars and good fishing, and, some of them, of men.

'Panorama' is very much the senior service among the documentary forces, and aims, after the chummy casualness of 'Tonight', at an air of impersonal deep-freeze whatever the matter in hand: in this same edition it also brought its guns to bear on the experiment now taking place in Watford of introducing fluoride into the water supply as a way of making children's teeth better able to resist decay. Scientific evidence was heard first of all, and then the members of the anti-fluoride committee came forward to air vehemently their objections to the measure. Storm in a tooth mug? An interesting moral issue is at stake and any social realist playwright gravelled for a theme could do worse than to go on from where 'Panorama' coolly left off.

The last country to be visited was China. This was in the final 'Portrait of Power', a study of Mao Tse-tung. Robert McKenzie was the guide, as in all the previous portraits, and he has surely proved that the viewing audience is capable of assimilating much more background information and much more foreground subtlety of thought than it is normally given credit for.

The whole career of Mao, from his beginning as the leader of a local peasant rising, through his long years of struggle with Chiang Kai-shek, to his assumption of complete control of China in 1949, was most lucidly telescoped. Mr. McKenzie had in this case the advantage of starting with, in most viewers' minds, a fairly blank canvas; interviews with two foreign journalists, who testified that though Mao was not impressive to meet his great quality was confidence, and some absorbing film of his great march from Hunan to Yenan and his methods of indoctrinating the peasants, enabled Mr. McKenzie to sketch not only the bone-structure of his sitter but to hint also at the original mind behind it.

Sir Gerald Kelly has been our guide again recently to the world of art. He has all the disadvantage of commenting on a supreme master



'Panorama' on June 9: a tavern in the Elizabethan style shown in the film on British Columbia

of colour like Renoir when his work appears only in black and white (and not too clearly at that), but anyone who imagines this to be an insuperable problem should make a point of looking at Sir Gerald the next time he appears in 'Masterpieces of Painting'.

ANTHONY CURTIS

DRAMA

'R and J' Up to Date

REX TUCKER, who wrote and produced 'And Her Romeo' as 'Television Playwright' (June 10), justified that title. Here was nothing static or lengthily verbose. In sixty minutes, with cameras assisting, we moved twice by lorry and car from Oxford to the theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon and took a stroll to watch the moonlight sleep on Avon's bank.

We are now so accustomed to watching sex rear an ugly head in squalid situations that the mannerly behaviour of the lovers in this piece was an agreeable change. Here was a lorry-driver who was ready to be Romeo, not Petruchio. He happened to know as much about Shakespeare as about road transport and, having a remarkable memory, he could cap quotations continually. The chance came to him while carrying a load to the Midlands. He was halted for a lift by a couple of Oxford girls on vacation, hiking Stratford-bound, and now foot-weary. 'Do you bite your thumb at me, miss?' he might nearly have quoted from 'Romeo and Juliet', Act I, Scene 1. Thumbs, if not bitten, were raised and not in vain. Transport was laid on.

One girl found that she had to quit, thus leaving the Bardolatrous Romeo with a potential Juliet. At Stratford they went to the theatre together. 'R. and J.' was, of course, the piece of the evening. What we saw of that production suggested that Stratford had fallen from grace and it was a relief when a later announcement made it plain to the public that this extract had nothing to do with the Stratford production of this year. The couple were not dismayed. They drank the verbal wine, were gently intoxicated with its beauty, and walked and talked on the bankside.

Could anything come of it? Could this bud of Bardolatrous love be proved a flower? She was engaged to a young don at Oxford and he was a lorry-driver. Even when he got swift promotion and became a hired-car chauffeur for wealthy Americans, there was still the social gap. So the lovers, class-crossed rather than star-crossed, resolved at last that to part would not be a modern 'R. and J.' tragedy, but just 'one of those things'.

The end was honest and the acting of the lovers delicate. Being moderns, with a realistic text, they could not speak the English language except in the trite monosyllables of our casual conversation. But Zena Walker and Paul Massie, by excellent performance, did convey the impact of rich poetry and rich filming amid the poverty of today's prose. As I said, the pair were a model of decency instead of being tough juvenile delinquents. One can do with some decency nowadays in the portraiture of youth. Mr. Osborne's Jimmy Porter is not, fortunately, a universal type.

There was nothing especially televisual about the production from Wales of 'The Music Master' (June 12). We had half an hour on the premises of Cornelius Morgan who instructed pupils in the pianoforte and was unlucky about their fees. He is reaching the end of his patience when a noisy set of American newspaper people burst

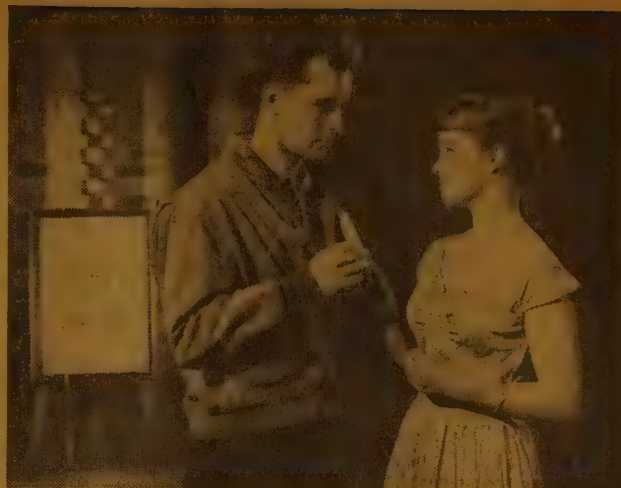
in to salute the old maestro who once had been tutor to a banger-out of the latest vogue in dance-din, now the latest world-conqueror. Cornelius provides them, against his will, with the chance of a lush 'story', with suitable photography. But the whole thing is a pain in an already breaking heart to the old man, who had thought the brat, now a star, to be a terrible and untalented urchin. Consolation comes with the return of a former pupil who once had promise and still has taste.

Eynon Evans, who based the piece on a story by T. J. Selwyn, also acted the petulant, pathetic Cornelius. He is an actor with the right flame and charm to carry such a tale on its sentimental journey. After the pains caused by the brash Americans, there came the balm of Beethoven. But it was still rather uncertain how old Cornelius would get his bread and butter in a town where demands to pay for his affectionate tuition were treated as negligible scraps of paper. Perhaps one must not ask such crudely practical questions when Welsh emotion is bubbling over at the piano.

There is usually some lively performance, as well as plentiful pictorial value, in the 'You Are There' series. We were back in the campaign of 1745. What manner of man was Lord George Murray who led the resistance of the Scottish Jacobite chieftains to marching on London after reaching Derby? Moultrie Kelsall gave us a good shot at this enigmatic figure (June 11).

What we were shown of the Scottish army seemed a powerful argument for not trusting it to go much further. I was somewhat surprised that Frank Owen, as chairman of the historical proceedings, was so confident that London would have been a 'push-over' and the whole course of our island story radically altered if Murray, Elcho, and the others had not 'swithered'. The Highlanders were always at their best in a sudden dash. But after the first impetus and ecstasy of the charge, they grew bored with success and wanted to be home again. After Derby there might have been more desertions and a straggling and dwindling march to disaster. It was no use trusting the French to do much.

These excursions into problems of the past, made by arrangement with C.B.S. Television,



Paul Massie as Joe and Zena Walker as Rose in 'And Her Romeo' on June 10

are usually well handled and stimulate the mind as well as the eye.

IVOR BROWN

'Sunday-night Theatre' presented 'The Sulky Fire', a play by Jean-Jacques Bernard. This was a study in jealousy and was certainly sulky rather than sultry. André Mérin (Guy Rolfe) returns home to his French village after four years as a prisoner of the Germans during the 1914 war and unjustly suspects his wife of being unfaithful with an American oddly billeted upon her. After the actors and actresses had worked up viewers to a state of frenzy, a surprisingly happy ending was superimposed by means of a platitudinous monologue from the aged father of the ex-prisoner: a dramatic let-down to an otherwise lively play.—M. A.

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Good as Gold

SHAKESPEARE SAILED BACK into the Home Service last week, in a 'World Theatre' production, on a Monday night, after an absence (feared lost) of two years and a quarter and a bit. His ship came home at last as richly laden as Antonio's argosies in the comedy in question, 'The Merchant of Venice'.

Michael Bakewell, who produced it, gave almost all his *Radio Times* article on the play to its stage-history, but wound up with two short sentences which I really must repeat. 'Our aim in this production has been to keep cutting and adaptation of the text to an absolute minimum'. No overstatement. It ran, in two parts, for fifty over the regulation ninety minutes. And Mr. Bakewell might have added that there was none of the wilderness of monkeying with the running order practised by theatrical producers stuck with their own settings.

'No "radio version" is in fact needed', Mr. Bakewell concluded, 'for the play speaks fully and clearly for itself'. It does indeed; and says what? In the article the rest is silence, and after listening to the performance I was little the wiser as to what Michael Bakewell thought it was all about. This capable, straightforward production made the usual points and left the usual impression that the play is now as familiar as some cherished national custom, whose symbolic significance has been long since forgotten and



Hugh David (standing) as Emlyn Davies, Eynon Evans as Professor Cornelius Morgan, and Madoline Thomas as Sara Price in 'The Music Master' on June 12

about which awkward questions would be in bad taste.

When 'The Merchant of Venice' is off with its own gold standard we get poetic devaluation. Portia is likened to an 'angel' (the gold coin which set the lawyers' fees at six-and-eight-pence) and the play puts to the acid test the sort of giving and getting that may be indicated briefly here as the Golden Rule and the Rule of Gold. The first poetic image of Portia is a 'golden fleece'. Whereas Shylock, we might say, fleeces gold. When his Christian lamb-for-the-slaughter, that golden giver Antonio, is saved by the golden angel of mercy, even the gold stars become 'angels' and what the merchant cast upon the waters returns to him.

'All that glisters is not gold', the casket that is gold outside contains a death's head. A fair test of any full treatment of the play (if Mr. Bakewell fails it he does so in excellent theatrical company) is whether it cuts the poetically daring lines spoken by Bassanio in Portia's presence at the crucial moment of choice between getting and giving: 'those snaky golden locks . . . upon supposed fairness . . . The skull that bred them in the sepulchre'—if his heart is set on the blonde and the bank-balance all he will get is a death's-head sheathed in gold. There is much more than gilt and gingerbread to Shakespeare's Christian coinage.

Irene Worth, an actress I admire, is not always guiltless of turning Shakespeare's idealized heroines into modern 'real women' in a way that pleases a prose-purblind public but forfeits the golden gift the poet plays for. In court this Portia was no angelic alchemist in leaden lendings, transmuting Jewish justice into the pure gold of Christian mercy, only a litigious lady. Harry Andrews, a good 'character' Shylock at this first attempt, likewise failed in the trial scene to incarnate the Old Testament wickedness of legalised revenge. Jack May, a somewhat atrabilious Antonio, spoke well but did little to suggest that he divined why this should be the title-role. Tony Britton, one of the best Bassanios I have ever heard when he played to Peggy Ashcroft's Portia, was less happy opposite an actress of less poetic finesse, though many of his shades of feeling still came over.

Two minor performances were more completely satisfying. Janette Richer has been coming on steadily and did Nerissa to a nicety. To make a critic laugh aloud with Launcelot's lines alone is no mean feat. Clive Revill, a rising actor of high talent, can even squawk like a trodden-on cockerel when he has something to crow about. I am so sold on Mr. Revill's comic acting that, shocking as it is to say, if 'The Merchant of Venice' was not the true title for this play I might this time have called it 'Waiting for Gobbo'.

On the day of this performance Robert Donat died. It is idiosyncratic, I know, but one of the things I am grateful for is this lovable and gifted actor's Benedick in a far from perfect production of 'Much Ado About Nothing' at the Aldwych Theatre just after the war. He was so warm where others are often only witty that he generated good humour. It seemed to open the way to the heart of this next comedy after 'The Merchant of Venice'. As even his name implies, Donat was an actor who had much to give. Despite the illness that prevented him giving even single performances on the air very often, I think his golden voice will always be part of the Christmases many listeners remember.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Commonwealth Touch

THEY HAVE BEEN HAVING a Commonwealth Festival week at Peterborough, and on June 11 a special Commonwealth edition of 'Town

Forum' was broadcast from there. This is one of those brains trusts in which the questions are actually asked in the hall, not given to the platform in advance. This can make for the lively and unexpected; it can also produce the sort of general, predictably 'safe' questions—'how are Commonwealth links to be maintained?', and so on—with which this programme started, and which beget sentimental replies about families, followed by a round of applause.

But once they got warmed up, the four speakers, representing Canada, Australia, India, and Malaya, became tough and outspoken, with Zain Azraai in particular displaying considerable gifts as an extempore broadcaster. The British, someone said, love hearing themselves slammed, especially on the radio, and we heard some excellent 'slamming': against the Prime Ministers' Conference for not taking a firmer and more open stand on differences like the one over South Africa; against the English educational system for leaving most of us in ignorance about life in the remoter nations of the Commonwealth; and against those commentators on Royal tours who concentrate excessively on tribal dances. Patrick Keatley must have raised a few eyebrows when he suggested that cricket is a tribal dance as far as Canadians are concerned, which only shows how tolerant of heresies the Commonwealth is. It was agreed that the main link between us was not cricket but the English language: someone suggested that in view of this the United States might perhaps care to think it over again.

The most spectacular of recent Commonwealth achievements, the Trans-Antarctic Expedition, was the subject of last Thursday's programme, 'The True Glory'. We had all kept intermittently in touch with this while it was going on, but here now was the whole story, told in reminiscence by Sir Vivian Fuchs, Sir Edmund Hillary, and the members of their team, not in a series of formal lectures but conversationally, as men might talk at a club. It was the sort of programme from which every listener will have carried away his own special memories. I was particularly held by the description of the Antarctic winter: in contrast with the whiteness of summer and the colours of autumn, this is the black season, when the snow becomes as hard as sandgrains, whirling and stinging in the windy dark. Then there was an account of the first winter's night on the ice shelf: it was so cold that the brandy froze in the emergency flask; men slept for one minute then woke and shivered for five.

I thought in advance that this might be the sort of subject in which visual images could do more than words: but I was reckoning without some of the words these speakers found. Sir Vivian and his team will no doubt be lecturing up and down the country this summer; but 'The True Glory' was a master-lecture to the whole Commonwealth. All the speakers sounded relaxed and informal, yet stirred by great memories to vivid narrative; glad to be home yet glad to have done it. The programme seemed to create the right atmosphere as it went along, more successfully, perhaps, than some vast public hall and remote platform could do.

The words of Francis Bacon from which 'The True Glory' took its title might have been applied with equal aptness to the ordeal of Dr. Edith Bone, whose seven years' solitary confinement in a Hungarian prison were the subject of a programme broadcast on Sunday. This was a story of extraordinary courage and resource, told mostly by Dr. Edith herself. In 1949 (the year in which Orwell published 1984), when she was already over sixty, she was arrested at Budapest airport while on the point of boarding an aircraft for London. After fourteen months' vain attempt to brainwash her into confessing that

she was a British spy, she was tried—and sentenced—in secret, and thrown into a damp, dark, filthy cell where, without any hope of release, she began to construct for herself a life in the mind. She took inventories of the literary contents of her memory; she took walks through the cities of Europe; she processed bread into a sort of bakelite and made an abacus and an alphabet. Above all, she never relaxed her moral and intellectual superiority over her captors: when they refused her a barber, she tore out her hair till they sent one. It was always they, not she, who gave in. Her last words to us were 'I could have kept going for any length of time': and one knew she could have.

K. W. GRANSDEN

MUSIC

A Fine Isolde

THE ROYAL OPERA has been celebrating its centenary in such fine style with 'Don Carlos', 'Elektra', and 'The Trojans', and with promise of further excellence in 'La Traviata' (due for a broadcast tomorrow) and 'Aida' a few weeks hence, that it is sad to have to record a lapse from these standards in the revival of 'Tristan and Isolde'. I am not here concerned with the misguided attempt to copy the current Bayreuth fashion in Wagnerian production, but only with its musical presentation.

'Tristan' is, of all Wagner's music-dramas, the one that can give the greatest pleasure in a broadcast. With the words and music before one, all sorts of details that escape notice in the theatre can be observed and appreciated. This interest was sufficiently present in last Thursday's broadcast to overcome a strong temptation to switch off before the end of Act III. There was, indeed, some beautiful playing from the orchestra and there was a very intelligent performance on the part of Ramon Vinay as Tristan, whose declamation, especially in the last act, was admirable in its dramatic inflections, if not always word-perfect. But, and it is a big 'but', Vinay's singing never gave the ear any real pleasure and his playing was often deplorably lacking in shape. He completely missed the desolation of 'Der öde Tag zum letzten Mal!' at King Marke's entry in Act II, and there was no realisation of the mystic poetry of his answer to the King's reproaches.

Of the other men little need be said. James Pease, fine baritone that he is, was palpably miscast as Marke, whose music requires more vocal weight, while Otakar Kraus' Kurwenal, honourable and never less than competent, still falls short of what we might expect of the role in the centenary year.

To turn to the ladies is to see the brighter side of the picture. Birgit Nilsson, stepping in to relieve Sylvia Fisher who had evidently found the strain of Isolde's music too great, has developed her conception of the character and her ability to communicate it since we heard her in a broadcast from Bayreuth. From her admirable dramatic colouring of certain phrases—in the 'Narration' for example—I suspect her of having been to school with Frida Leider, some of whose nuances she reproduced. She has not yet that great actress' force of personality and ability to project tragic character in the great grand manner. But this was a beautifully sung performance and a more intelligent portrayal of Isolde's character than we have heard for a long time. She was finely partnered by Irene Dalis, a singer with a warm, steady voice who fixed one's attention on what Brangäne has to say in passages where, in the average performance, it is apt to wander. Her singing from the watch-tower sounded exceptionally beautiful.

Yet these virtues in the performance—and they were considerable—were unfortunately overborne by a fundamental weakness in the

musical direction. Rafael Kubelik is an admirable conductor whose performances of other operas and in the concert-hall I have often praised. It is curious that he should show so little appreciation of the symphonic character of Wagner's music. He placed details precisely, and he obtained, as I have remarked already, some fine playing from his orchestra, but he seemed to make no attempt to weld the detail together into a coherent pattern. There was no sense of organic growth or forward movement; the music (in the Prelude, for instance) stood still on one spot. At Tristan's entry for his scene with Isolde on the ship, the rhythm was hammered out with great force, the dotted notes being given their

exact value, yet, because there was no onward drive behind the rhythm, this tremendous, fateful moment, surely one of the most tragic 'entries' in all opera, made no dramatic effect at all. The opening of Act II went rather better, but there was still too little drive to produce a cumulative effect.

With the B.B.C. Orchestra on holiday, orchestral music has been provided by Regional and other orchestras. The most interesting programme was that of the Scottish National Orchestra, which contained Gottfried von Einem's 'Music for Orchestra', which had a stark strength if little attractiveness, Bartók's Third Concerto with Louis Kentner as soloist,

and Mozart's 'Linz' Symphony. Hans Swarowsky rattled through the symphony in a slapdash fashion, and the playing was rough. Nor was there much poetry in the performance of Bartók's concerto, in which the slow movement should sound achingly beautiful—the last night thoughts of a man of immense sensibility. In Network Three there is a series on the development of the orchestra, to which John Warrack contributed in the previous week a stimulating account of the wood-winds that solved the problem of packing a great deal into too little space without producing a sense of superficiality or congestion.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Ethel Smyth: Songs and Chamber Music

By KATHLEEN DALE

Ethel Smyth's Four Songs for baritone and instruments will be broadcast at 8.45 p.m. on Thursday, June 26 (Third)

IT was as a song-writer that Ethel Smyth first attracted the attention of serious musicians. Both before she went to study in Leipzig in 1877 and during her student-ship there, she composed songs which she sang to her own accompaniment, and in Leipzig in the eighteen-eighties she published two sets of these songs as her Opp. 3 and 4. All were settings of German poems; their musical style was not sufficiently distinctive to stand the test of time, and the success they enjoyed seems to have depended largely upon the composer's inimitable manner of performing them.

The next songs she wrote, after an interval of over twenty years, present a striking contrast. Highly individual despite their indebtedness to the French school of composition, they offer a challenge to the singer's powers of interpretation. These Four Songs for baritone with chamber-music (or piano) accompaniment, dating from 1907 to 1908, when Ethel Smyth had already written her first three operas and had acquired a formidable technique of instrumental and vocal composition, were the outcome of her making acquaintance with the writings of the French poet Henri de Régnier. The exquisitely sensitive imagery of the poems immediately appealed to her highly developed feeling for tone-painting. Their content, too, reflected something of the passionate intensity of her own emotional life. The music thus called into being is deeply felt and impressive. The composer's newly awakened interest in modern harp technique exerted a determining influence upon the type of accompaniment; the harp plays a prominent part among the instruments employed: flute, strings, triangle, tambourine, cymbals and side drum.

Only three of the songs are settings of de Régnier's poems. All are distinguished by subtle chromaticisms and by the frequently shifting tonality which is a hallmark of the composer's style. The vocal line is meditative rather than declamatory; it forms an integral part of the musical substance, only occasionally riding on the surface or pursuing an independent course. The first song, 'Odelette', *andante agitato* in F minor with an interlude in D major, opens and closes indefinitely on the dominant. The interval of a minor ninth, which forms the extremities of the arpeggios in the accompaniment, runs like a *motif* through the song, its piquant semitonal clashes portraying the heartache and bitterness implicit in the words ('*Si j'avais mieux connu mon amour . . . je n'aurais pas mêlé ta vie à mon amour*').

'La Danse', in E minor, with a longish instrumental prelude and interludes, is languorous, even hypnotic in effect. In a woodland glade

the poet muses upon the strange symbolic gestures of the dancer whom he is accompanying on the flute. Slow valse rhythm prevails almost unbroken throughout the song and recurrent phrases poised above a drone bass lend a feeling of continuity to the whole.

'Chrysis', *andante tranquillo* in E flat, is melodically the most clearly defined of the three songs and is unified by the periodic return of the opening phrase, either in the vocal line or in a strand of the accompanying texture. This phrase, first sung to the words '*Lorsque l'heure viendra de la coupe remplie*' and easily recognisable by the repeated initial notes, also forms the bass of the reflective closing bars. The song, a prayer to the goddess for visions of youth at the hour of death, seems to have been an especial favourite of the composer's. It is the only one to which she appended the exact date of composition (June 3, 1908) and for which she wrote a violin obbligato part for the piano arrangement twenty years later.

The last song of the group stands in complete and effective opposition to its delicately atmospheric predecessors. An Anacreontic Ode in the French translation by Leconte de Lisle, it is an untrammelled clamour for 'the furious frenzy of wine'. Opening *pesante, allegro energico* in F minor, it has a wide range of dynamics but only once does it slacken speed in a *sostenuto* section before mounting to a shatteringly powerful final climax. It is the composer's only solo-song of its kind, but is closely paralleled in mood and musical style by her choral-orchestral song, 'Hey Nonny No' (1910) ('Is't not fine to swim in wine and turn upon the toe?'). In both these recklessly bacchanalian compositions strident chords, harsh augmented intervals, and relentless rhythms evoke the feeling of utter abandon that the words express.

Ethel Smyth's published chamber music comprises a heterogeneous collection of single works in different categories: a Sonata each for violin and piano and cello and piano composed in 1887, and three Trios written forty years later, only one of which, the slight, imaginative variations on 'Bonnie Sweet Robin', was composed originally as a trio, while its two companions are merely alternative versions of works composed in other media. These are the Two Interlinked French Melodies detached from the comic opera 'Entente cordiale', and the Concerto for violin, horn, and orchestra. On an infinitely higher level of importance as chamber music is the noble String Quartet in E minor, written in two instalments between 1902 and 1912, the composer's undoubted masterpiece in this genre.

During her student years Ethel Smyth was an

assiduous writer of chamber music, in the performance of which she took part as a violinist. The autograph scores of several unpublished string quartets, a string trio and a piano trio which she wrote at that time still survive, some in the British Museum, others in the Library of the University of Durham. They display many of the stylistic attributes now generally familiar in her mature compositions: fertility of melodic invention and strong predilections for trochaic metre, for frequent alterations in time-signatures and tempi, sudden changes from major to minor, abrupt modulations, and excessive repetition of thematic material.

Only one of her early pieces achieved print: a five-movement String Quintet in E major, Op. 1 (1883-4), published as a Suite for string orchestra and also as a piano duet. The composer later dismissed it in her hand-written catalogue of works as 'Lively and childish, quite amusing'. Yet notwithstanding its insubstantiality it bears certain resemblances to its far-distant successor, the String Quartet in E minor. Neither of these two works includes a movement in triple time; the wistful slow movements, both in common time, contain much figuration in triplets, the thematic invention in the quick movements is energetic and restless, and the finales are fugal in character. But where the Quintet is tentative, scrappy and loosely constructed, the Quartet is an organic whole, assured in style and workmanship and profoundly convincing. So complete was the composer's absorption by the musical subject-matter that form and content were fully integrated. The music flows and surges, its rhythmic momentum unimpeded by many changes in time-signature and pace.

The first three movements are in sonata form, each with distinctive proportions. In the first and second the thematic material is worked contrapuntally to its extreme limits. The first, *allegretto lirico*, opening with a typically Smythian theme studded with repeated notes, dies away to a pianissimo. The second movement, *allegro molto leggiero* in A minor, beginning equally pianissimo and seldom reaching a fortissimo, suddenly flares up at the end with a presto statement of the resilient main theme by the four instruments in octave unison. The deeply expressive Andante in C major is melodically and harmonically richer, but even here the part-writing remains on an intellectual plane. The electrifying Finale, *allegro energico*, opens as a strict fugue but soon assumes the lineaments of sonata form while maintaining fugal texture throughout its course. 'One of my best movements', the composer declared; and who on hearing it would fail to agree?



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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

BREAD CORNETS

FOR A PICNIC, my fourteen-year-old son makes delicious bread cornets, using the pointed end of a crusty French loaf. He scoops out some of the bread so that he has a nice long cone; then he spreads butter generously over the inside of the cornet to make a waterproof layer between crusty outside and moist filling. His favourite filling is tuna fish. He flakes this up and then presses it well down into the buttered cone, to within an inch of the top. For a lid he wedges a small, thick round of buttered bread (butter-side down) into the cornet like a cork. Each cornet is tightly screwed up in a polythene or cellophane bag. One cornet, eaten with some lettuce from another polythene bag, makes a nourishing, well-balanced meal.

A small loaf cut across instead of down and filled on the same lines as a layer cake makes an easy sandwich for a family picnic. Cut off the whole of the bottom crust from a small loaf, and then cut the bread through in three layers. Spread the bottom layer thickly with butter; arrange a layer of lettuce leaves on it, then press on the second layer of bread, buttered on both

sides. On this arrange a layer of tongue or corned beef, covered with thin slices of tomato or cucumber. Put on the third slice of bread and press well down—butter-side next to the filling, of course. Wrap the layer loaf up tightly in a sheet of polythene paper or aluminium foil and, when it is time for the meal, cut each person a thick slice.

IRENE PILSON

SERVING FRESH STRAWBERRIES

On the whole, strawberries do not combine well with other fruits, but I think certain melons, such as honeydew, are an exception. Cut one quarter of the melon off at the top and a very thin slice from the bottom so that it will stand up. Remove the pips, and then scoop out all the flesh from the inside with a vegetable scoop or a large teaspoon. It will come out in balls or curls. Mix these with about a pound of strawberries in a bowl, cover with caster sugar, and leave them for a couple of hours or so. Then pile the fruit into the empty melon with as much juice as it will hold. Chill and serve.

MARGARET RYAN

Notes on Contributors

- MAGNUS PYKE (page 999): manager of a research station in Scotland, author of *Automation: Its Purpose and Future*, *The Townsman's Food*, *Industrial Nutrition*, etc.
- DINGLE FOOT, Q.C. (page 1001): M.P. (Labour) Ipswich; joined Labour Party in 1956; M.P. (L.) Dundee, 1931-45
- P. V. DANCKWERTS, G.C. (page 1005): Professor of Chemical Engineering Science, Imperial College of Science and Technology since 1956
- PÈRE ROLAND DE VAUX (page 1007): Director of the French Archaeological School, Jerusalem
- PATRICK BOWLES (page 1011): worked with Samuel Beckett for eighteen months on the translation of *Molloy*
- REV. NORMAN SYKES, D.D. (page 1018): Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Cambridge University since 1944
- THOMAS PARKINSON (page 1021): Associate Professor of English, University of California

Crossword No. 1,464. Elementary. By Sam

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, June 26. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

All lights consist of a sequence of symbols for the elements; in the completed puzzle, 58 symbols for the elements from At. Nos. 1 to 92 are used. Each square contains one symbol and interlocking is as follows:

G	R	T
A	E	H
S	I	N
P	I	K

Punctuation in abbreviations is ignored.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. Ascot fashion for clothes (5). 4. The fabric of the drab Augean stables (5). 7. West country seats get pushed about

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14						15			16		17	
18			19			20			21		22	
23	24		25	26		27		28	29		30	
31			32	33	34	35	36					
37		38			39	40			41	42	43	
44			45		46		47		48			
49			50			51		52		53		
54	55		56		57	58	59			60	61	
62			63	64	65	66		67		68		
69		70	71		72			73	74	75		
76	77		78	79		80	81			82		
83				84						85		

- a bit (10). 14. They usually contain valuable possessions, at the side of the stage? (9). 15. Dry and withered in fine rain (6). 16. The biblical variety is probably Naja Haje (3). 17. Catty relatives (3). 18. The itch makes a president rail (5). 19. Ground, for hectic cup matches? (4). 20. Vegetable to go with duck for a jollification (4). 21. Where in Asia Minor you'll find Juno surrounded by all but one of the team? (7). 23. In fine, a turncoat is uncertain in his behaviour (7). 25. Nancy's land of castles (5). 27. Dead beast of burden for an Aboriginee (4). 29. Get near it for something in your eye (6). 31. Metal worker gives you a rough hint about that old stain (8). 33. Material unit in general (4). 35. A translation is something one has no love for (8). 37. Hop alongside for a hot drink: double evidently (3). 38. Scrape the top of the head (5). 40. From side to side but it's all in the game (6). 41. Sun gas explodes and the product hangs heavy (4). 44. Expressing regret for a deficiency (5). 45. 'He says his name is Master —' (Henry V) (3). 46. Loose interior of a parhelion (4). 47. Father's in agony; this will aid his digestion (6). 49. Brief attire for the island (6). 50. Old lists the Scots take in for a janitor (6). 51. The rank of a soldier, and make no mistake (4). 52. Soon returns to earth in infancy (6). 54. Back this pair of horses, they're certainties (4). 56. See 13D. 57. Find the heart of Mrs. Christie in a royal and ancient city (4). 58. Building location occupied by something for the brewer—cobalt arsenide! (8). 60. Indian from 50D. (4). 62. Melt down fat (6). 63. Ayesha (3). 65. This plant body is young and so takes in as much as there is (7). 67. Hardy heroine takes an age to give the password (7). 69. 'Dolores, our Lady of —' (4). 71. Take in father, be's babbling foolishly (6). 72. This silken wool cloth will help to make up a coat (4). 73. So begins a Mozart opera (4). 75. A mash is returned to the priest (4). 76. A cavity for resin on a catboat (6). 78. Arrives back in the end with a message (6). 80. Do I lie about society to take advantage? (7). 82. The piquancy of ginger root-stock (4). 83. A monstrous guard returning confidently on our railway to the heart of London (8). 84. A warm subject revealing love and affection in the R.S.M.'s make-up (10). 85. Reproves ranks (5).

DOWN

1. A ball of thread for each boiler (6). 2. A salt compound found in African mountain range (5). 3. Tending swine, Toby backs into harassed miss (8). 4. Acid having a cobric origin (7). 5. A wife, English girl, given to extravagant exaggeration (7). 6. Bearing a saint in a fit (5). 7. Foot support (4). 8. Filamentary thorn immediately available (7). 9. Roman conspirator turns bright red when given a bar (5). 10. Inconsiderate speed is what I dislike about the south (5). 11. Here in a recess the first part of the sound is lost (9). 12. Trouble and perhaps a bit of a pickle when soaked in gin (3). 13 & 50A. Republican party off to a bad start but could have a fine ending (4, 4). 20. In the better part of the Scots house I am comfortable (4). 22. There could easily be a riot if this relation ran amok (5). 24. Search thoroughly for smuggled wine (7). 26.

Buttons for holding up a skirt when walking (4). 28. Dyke-rock where tinkers eat in a mess (10). 30. She is keen to make a cloth (3). 31. Describing an ancient pipe, practically all of antimony (6). 32. Frayed halter worth about 3s. (6). 34. Near the land ploughed up between Dusseldorf and Elberfeld (11). 35. In the morning a regretful lady with only a crown finds no heart throb (8). 36. Frank actor and playwright (6). 38. Scots scour round the hotel for the author of 'Tullochgoram' (7). 39. Was Mrs. Centilivre's Simon modest? (4). 42. Officer at the wicket once more (3). 43. Evil goddess giving rise to the smell of burning (5). 45. There's no hire in part of Scotland for these instruments (5). 48. Thrusts back an inclination to work (5). 49. The same as 37A., appropriately enough (3). 50. Tribute from 60 (4). 53. The Scots own (4). 55. Cake knife for Himalayan resident (5). 57. The rag can be used to make a pleat (6). 59. This ran inconspicuously (4). 61. Shells one finds quickly in cars (9). 62. Supplant a cloth expert who takes in a novice (7). 64. Her teas are stewed but are still warming (7). 66. Etruscan prince has a bit of luck with exotic love (6). 68. The primates are returning with a reproach so split up and withdraw (8). 70. The end of 38D. is farther within (5). 71. Head painter, out of the top drawer, on Malayan waters (4). 72. Minister found with mother on the Sea of Marmora (6). 73. Responsible for stomach pains and what one says to the doctor in depressions (6). 74. Crash arises from a nailed sleeper (6). 77. A short book on the dog, just right for the fireside (4). 79. Early hill-fort in Ireland (4). 81. South American monkey; it is found in a lilaceous tree (4).

Solution of No. 1,462

7	8	3	1
3	9	1	0
6	4	5	5
8	7	7	2
4	3	8	6
2	6	9	3
1	8	4	1
4	7	3	6
8	4	2	1
0	4	7	5
7	8	9	4
7	3	6	8
2	1	0	5
2	6	3	1
5	2	3	7
8	9	4	7
3	6	8	4
2	1	0	5
2	4	5	6
3	1	5	7
8	9	4	7
3	6	2	8
4	2	1	0
5	2	6	3
3	1	6	4
1	0	3	2
5	5	1	1
7	2	5	0
8	6	7	5
9	3	8	2
4	1	9	6

NOTES

The numbers may be found by choosing any value of a_1 (e.g., $a_1 = 3$) and successively dividing by 2, when it will be found that a recurring decimal of period 18 results

1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0

3 1 5 7 8 9 4 7 3 6 8 4 2 1 0 5 2 6

The value of N for $a_1 = 3$ is therefore, 315789473684210526

Similarly, for $a_1 = 4$, 421052631578947368

All the required numbers can be formed from the single cyclic number (105263157894736842) by choosing the appropriate starting number and reading clockwise until one circuit is completed.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: Pilot Officer C. Robson (Weston-super-Mare); 2nd prize: C. M. G. Jones (Hertford); 3rd prize: R. Cain (Halesowen)

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I sail the Miracle Sea to Aden

We entered the Suez Canal under a bright moonlit sky. Next morning we were in the Gulf of Suez where the Israelites had crossed in their escape from Pharaoh's tyranny. A clump of palms was pointed out to me as Moses' Well where it is said they drank, and Sinai where the Bible tells us Moses received the Law.

Then, through the Red Sea, spattered with coral islets and hidden reefs on which the P & O had built some of the first lighthouses in the area—to Aden, a barren almost waterless rock and now one of the world's great bunkering stations. On mentioning such great development to a ship's officer, I was told that in 1843 one of the first P & O ships to put in to Aden—the 'Hindustan'—was a little paddle steamer of 2,000 tons, and that the coal for it had been sent from England by the long Cape route. Time and Man's ingenuity can certainly do wonderful things!

I learned that due to the excellent port facilities and the ready co-operation of the authorities the turn-round of shipping is speedy. For instance, our call there was set by the time required for our visit ashore, not by the time needed for oil-fuelling and servicing our ship. And that is true at all times, a point that must be highly appreciated by shipowners.

As I watched the lively scene about me, the waters busy with numerous small craft, I felt that no one could wish for more blissful freedom from care and worry than a sea-voyage like this—or for deeper comfort and better service than voyaging P & O.



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